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Windows on the World

Foreign affairs are often confusing because the underlying causes are not understood. Beginning next week, Malcolm Waters Davis, long a foreign correspondent and editor, will regularly contribute a page to The Outlook dealing with happenings of interest all over the world. Lately of the Council on Foreign Relations, Mr. Davis is now editor of the Yale University Press and Associate Editor of this magazine.

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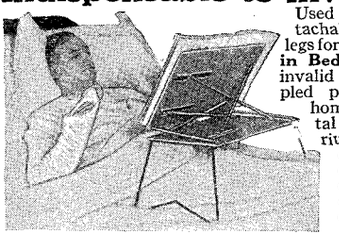

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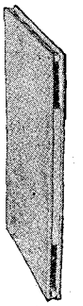

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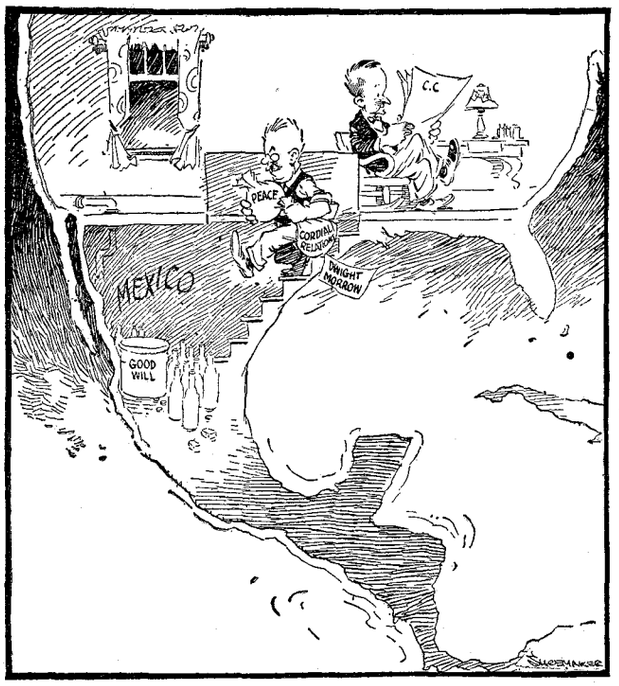
According to the Cartoonists

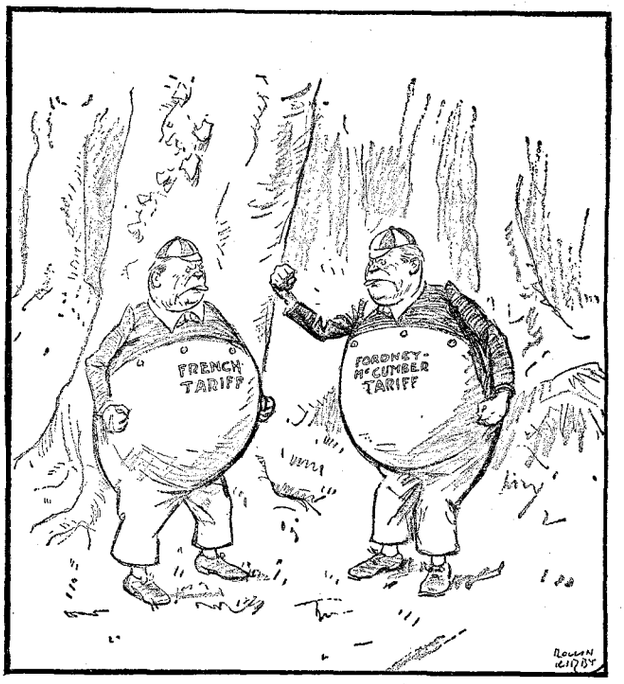
Shoemaker in the Chicago News



Sent down to make some brew

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

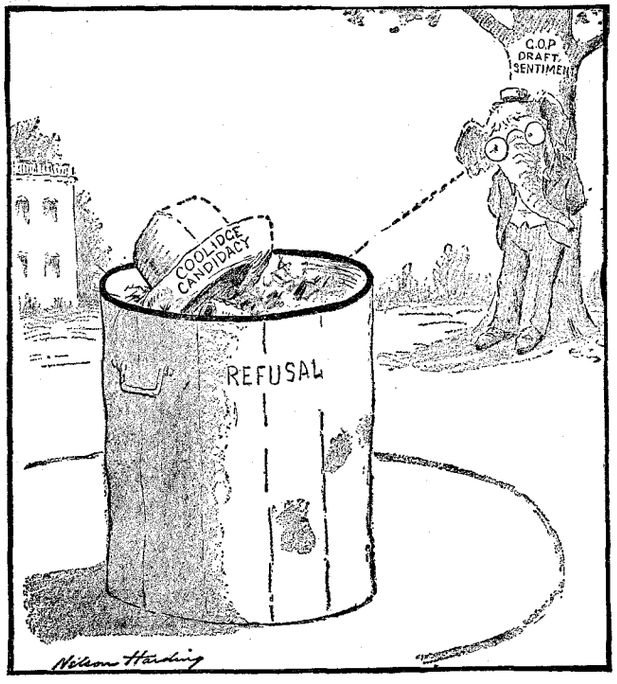
Kirby in the New York World



Tweedledum and tweedledee

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

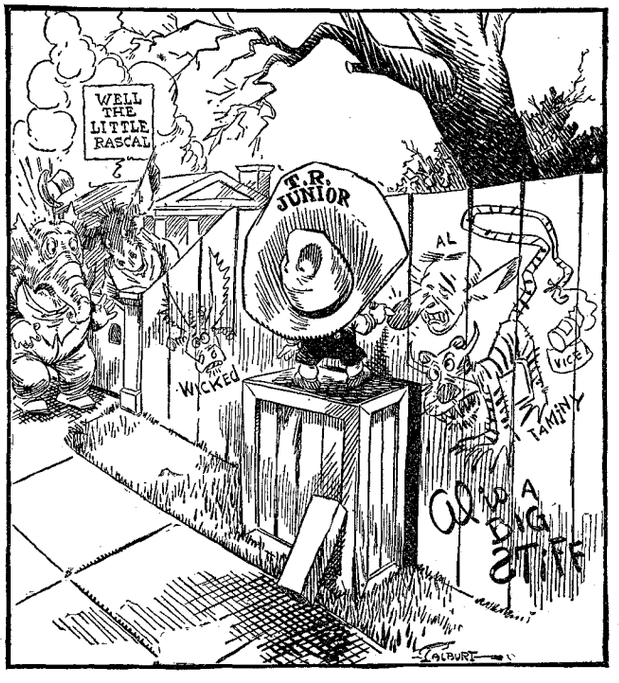
Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



Seeing rings

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

Talburt in the New York Telegram



My, my, Theodore! Is that nice?

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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The Outlook

Volume 147 October 19, 1927 Number 7

THE WEEK

The Baseball Championship

EVERY World Series, and indeed almost every baseball game, has its peculiar feature; the 1927 World Series was not an exception. It settled the question as to the invincibility of the Yankees' terrific battling force; so far as it goes, it is a refutation of those who predicted that the series would run to the full seven games, as was the case for the three preceding years (in twenty-four years the full number of games has been played but nine times); and its decisive game was intensely close and exciting, but with an ending that was ludicrous.

There is no doubt that professional sports, and especially prize-fighting and big league baseball, are closely allied to big money and that the large sums of money involved through the vast paid attendance in championship contests in these sports do suggest possibilities of fraudulent collusion. There have been also in both prize-fight and baseball contests instances of actual fraud. But the great majority of baseball "fans" believe that the World Series of the past few years have been free from bribery or collusion. The rather cynical assumption that if a series runs to seven games it is fixed in the interest of teams or players or both has not been proved; and the records show that it has not happened more commonly than mathematics would make probable. A deliberate combination between the owners of the clubs to extend the series to get the biggest possible receipts is hard to conceive; the owners and managers are men of wealth who have a genuine interest in the game as well as the money. Individual players might combine, but their own love of applause, their professional standing, their chances of choice positions and bigger salaries next year if they are among the winners of a World Series, make collusion dangerous and in the end unprofitable.

The whimsically odd thing about this series was the end. In baseball parlance, the Pirates' pitcher, Miljus, was almost the hero but ended as the goat. With the score tied in the second half of the ninth inning, with three Yankees on the bases, with two men out, and with two strikes on the man at bat, Miljus made a frightful wild pitch—and the game was over as the runner at third came in!

For Safety in the Air

IN aviation speed and safety are not inconsistent, as Charles Lanier Lawrance, designer of the Wright Whirlwind motor, points out in an article in this issue. Much has been done to develop speed in the air. The most important problems now at hand in aviation concern safety. This does not mean that flying itself is unsafe. It simply means that if we are all going to fly, as we all ride on railways or in automobiles, there must be new provision for making safe such general use of the airplane. The importance of such prerequisites to safety as airports, airways, systems of guidance in bad weather, radio beacons, a new kind of altimeter, and rigid inspection are emphasized by Mr. Lawrance. It is interesting to compare with these requisites those mentioned by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. In a statement just given out concerning the "Safe-Aircraft Competition" for prizes totaling $150,000 the Daniel Guggenheim Fund thus describes a "safe" airplane:

> The Safe-Aircraft Competition grew out of the realization that airplanes to be aerodynamically safe must land more slowly, roll only a short distance after landing, be able to glide steeply and in safety over obstacles surrounding a field, take off quickly and on a steep path, remain in perfect control at the stall and in all other attitudes, and be inherently stable when owing to weather conditions the pilot can only with the greatest skill and by the use of special instruments himself maintain an even keel.

It is now announced that five British and two American aircraft designers have filed application to enter this Safe-Aircraft Competition. Other entries are expected. The competition will not close until October 31, 1929. In the intervening time tests will be made at Mitchel Field, Long Island.

Light for the Farmer

THERE has been a fairly common urban belief that farmers, during the lean years since 1921, have been making a living because, forsooth, they have lived. This belief did not take into account the fact that many of them were making up the difference between income and operating expenses from surplus—accumulated savings in bank—and later from capital stock, that is from the proceeds of mortgages placed on their farms. About half of the farms in the United States were placed under mortgage during that period. There is no available record of the number of farmers who placed mortgages on their live stock and other equipment or who consumed their savings in order to live. Perhaps those facts will be shown in the next Census. Meanwhile, it is common knowledge that a very large proportion of farmers have suffered impairment during the long period of adjustment to post-war conditions.

Just now there are dependable indications that the worst is over, and that the process of re-establishment has begun. Farm lands, for which there has been practically no market, are selling again—not at the high valuation of boom times nor yet at the low prices of forced sales during the worst of the depression, but at about the 1916 level. Not a great deal of farm land is changing hands, but the little that is doing so tends to prove this fact.

Rents, always an important factor in times such as we have been going through, furnish another indication. When many farms are for rent, when the rental rate is low and the tax rate high, men find it more profitable to rent than to own farms. Such a situation has prevailed for several years; but there is now a distinct trend toward owned farms as against rented farms on the part of those who have some freedom to do the one thing or the other.

These and other things, in the opinion of the most careful observers, indicate a situation which will continue to improve if the factors involved are given a chance to operate without serious upset. Better prices for crops and live stock are, of course, an important element, but one year of better prices does not mean a great deal. The selling price of farm commodities must be fairly sustained over a period of years if farm land prices are to be stabilized at the right level. By economic law, the level of farm com-

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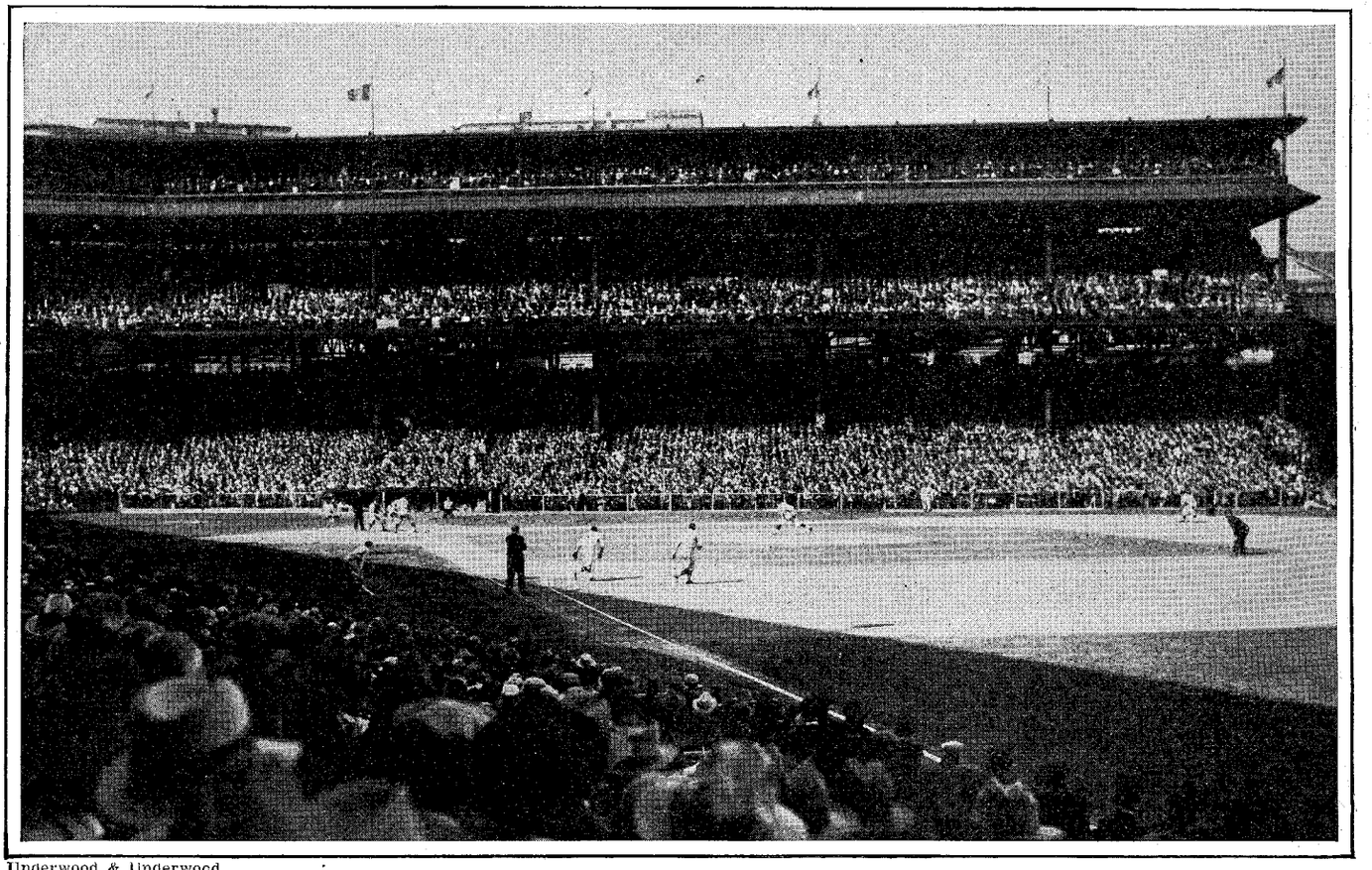

Underwood & Underwood

THE FIRST ACT OF BASEBALL'S BIGGEST SHOW

A general view of Forbes Field, at Pittsburgh, during the first game of the World Series **(see page 195)**

modity prices will be higher during a period of years; but violation of economic law, such as tremendous overproduction, would lower it. Perhaps a greater danger lies in the possibility that speculation may follow the improvement of the farm situation and boom the price of farm lands. That does not appear just now a particularly imminent danger; but, if it became operative, it might constitute a danger well-nigh deadly.

The presidents of the twelve Federal Land Banks, recently in session in Washington, agreed that speculative profit in farm lands is not in sight and that purchases for the next several years are likely to be mainly by real farmers at stable prices. These men, representing institutions which have made loans of one and a quarter billion dollars on farms, have, of course, studied the situation with great care.

The most important fact for the layman to keep in mind in this connection is probably this: That the improvement now discernible in the agricultural situation does not mean that American farmers are again prosperous. If they are in the way of making a reasonable profit on their operations, they have still their burden of debt, estimated at twelve billion dollars in farm mortgages alone. Many farmers have not yet perceived any lightening of the pressure, and discontent and clamor for artificial relief may not be expected to end at once.

Farm Schools and Race Aspirations

TEN years ago there were in our Southern States only thirty-nine Federally aided agricultural schools for Negroes. Today there are 254 such schools. This fact came out at the recent meeting in Nashville of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, and was recognized there as one of the proofs that racial relations have steadily improved. The establishment and maintenance of such a number of one kind of vocational schools for Negroes would have been impossible, of course, without the general encouragement of the white people of the South.

The money benefit of such schools already is apparent. A study made by the United States Department of Agriculture of Negro farmers in Georgia shows that, while the average annual earning capacity of the unschooled farmer is only $240, the average for those with high school education is $664 and for those with agricultural school education much higher still.

Substantial as that money benefit is, there are others even more important. Among them is the impetus that these schools are giving, as one of the speakers expressed it, to "the making of a wise social adjustment of the hopes and aspirations of the Negro and the ideals, standards, and traditions of the white population."

A New Chinese War Name

AMERICANS will have to begin to learn another of those odd Chinese names. Any one desiring to understand what is happening in China should repeat to himself, at least ten times, General Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi. "Hsi-shan" and "Shansi" are of course just to make it that much more confusing—"Hsi-shan" being General Yen's names and "Shansi" the name of the province of which he is Governor. It is important to know who he is and for what he stands.

General Yen has just entered the war game in China on the side of the Nationalists. The man who is reported to have brought him in is Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, of Chihli Province, known to Americans as the "Christian General." Among foreigners in China there are the usual charges that Soviet influence is responsible. Undoubtedly Bolshevist agents have been active in Shansi, as elsewhere in China. But General Yen was friendly to the Nationalist cause be-

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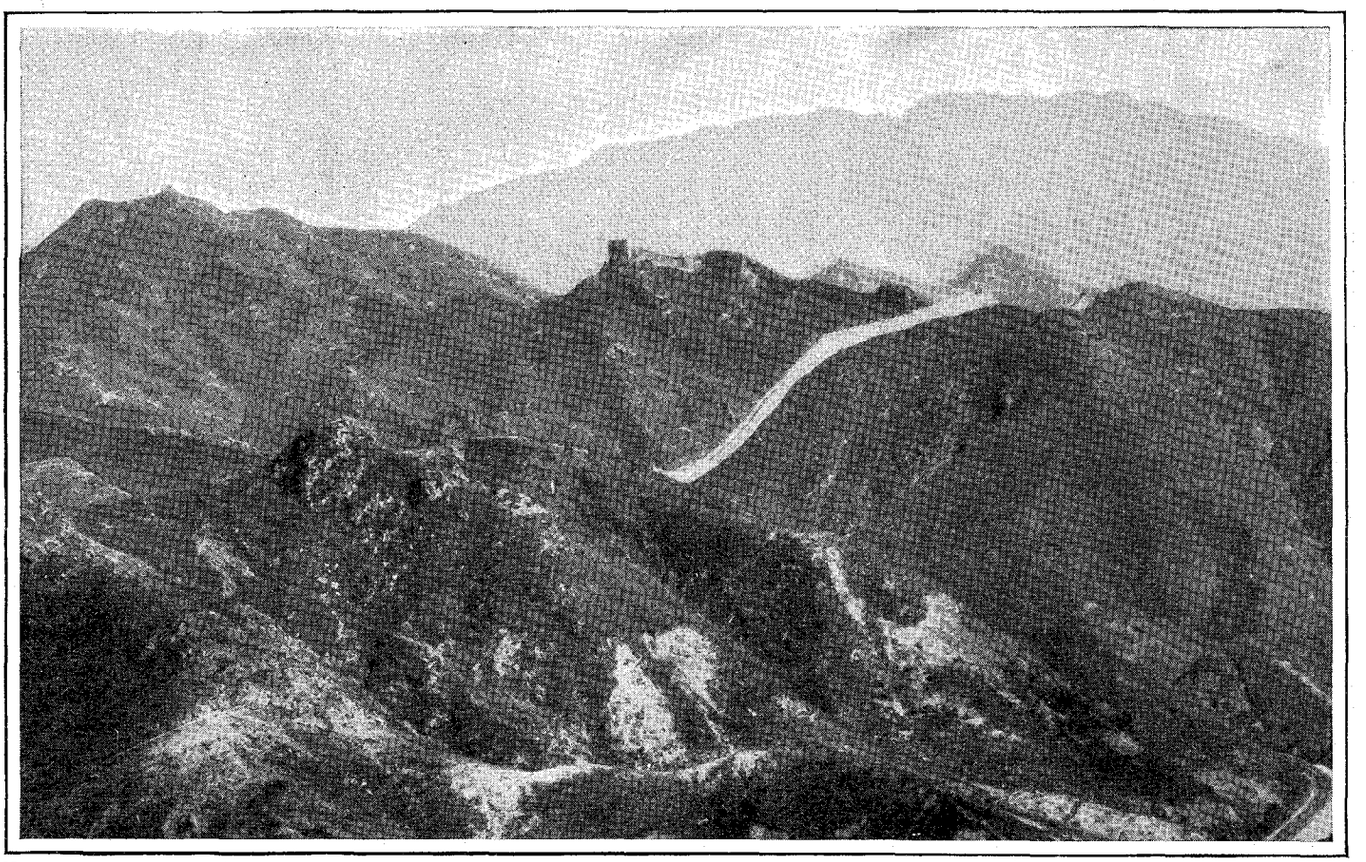

Keystone

NANKOW PASS AND THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Where hostilities are being renewed

fore Borodin or any other Russian started propaganda in China. And although, in the opinion of Walter Duranty, the Moscow correspondent of the New York "Times," General Yen is not unimpressed with the power of Russia—whose Mongolian sphere of influence touches the frontier of his own province—nevertheless he is about as much of a Communist as Senator Borah.

General Yen has held himself apart from the civil warfare in China for the last fourteen years, and has devoted himself to reforming the administration of his province. He has made it a model of good government in China, and at the same time has won for himself the title of "the fence-rider of China." Now the arguments of Marshal Feng and the fact of spreading enthusiasm for the Nationalist cause within his frontier have evidently convinced General Yen that the time has come for action. So he has joined forces with Feng and the reunited Nationalist administration, whose capital is at Nanking.

The Drive Against Peking

A RENEWED attack on the armies of Generalissimo Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, and his administration at Peking is the result of the alliance of General Yen, Marshal Feng, and the Nationalists. This attack bids fair to catch the northern militarist dictator in the jaws of a vise that may squeeze him back to his own personal capital of Mukden. General Yen's forces have attacked from the north, capturing the city of Kalgan and approaching the Nankow Pass through the Great Wall about thirty miles from Peking. Marshal Feng is advancing from farther west. To the south the armies of Nanking are moving along the railway up from Hankow. Generalissimo Chang has rallied his army and claims success against his adversary at various points.

It is too soon to say how the latest move may turn out. But it is significant that the contingents of Feng and Yen and Nanking alike carry the Nationalist banners. The odds seem to be on their side.

If they win, there will be new problems to be met in China. The Nanking Nationalists have slapped new taxes on foreign trade in their territory, regardless of treaty limits. The United States has just warned the Nanking authorities that its citizens dealing in tobacco and liquors will no longer pay the new duties of 30 per cent on tobacco and 50 per cent on liquors, imposed in excess of the rates established by treaty. This is only one indication of the issues that will arise; but the question of the moment is whether the real capital of China is at Nanking or Peking, and, if at Nanking, who is really going to be the boss in it.

Tightening Up Our Criminal Systems

THE many suggestions made of late as to altering America's criminal procedure show that the interest in the subject is constantly growing stronger.

Practical proposals for action which may help, for instance, in reducing the ratio of homicides to population in this country as compared with that in England—we now have ten where England has one—were made recently by United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle in an address before the New York City Bar Association. One was that in cases of criminal appeal, when the appeal is not justified, the sentence of the lower court may be increased by the higher court. This, as we lately stated in The Outlook, is a plan that works well in England. Another was that business men should be shown that both in criminal and civil procedure the present delays and multiplication of defenses are bad, as they breed inefficiency and strengthen temptation. The lack of authority in Federal courts to deal with petty offenders he called "the weak link in the Federal administration of the criminal law."

Another contribution to this discussion

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comes from a Western criminologist, Mr. Oscar Hallam, who urged before the Criminal Law section of the American Bar Association that what has been done in Minnesota should be extended. "Minnesota's Experiment" consists of a Special Bureau of Criminal Apprehension, appointed by the Governor. It collates all means of identification, aids sheriffs to co-ordinate their work with other officers, keeps complete records of crimes and arrests, conducts police schools, and helps in other practical ways to make the way of the felon hard. It is aided by a law allowing a sheriff to arrest a criminal in any county in the State, and it hopes to work out such problems as the proper limits of probation and parole and that of counteracting the present tendency to equality of punishment between grave and minor offenders.

Everywhere suggestions of reforms and changes in criminal procedure are being made. That reforms and improvements are needed no one doubts. In modernizing its criminal law America is laggard.

State Elections and Federal Power

KENTUCKY is experiencing the pains and pleasures of a lively political campaign. There is a Governor to be elected and other officers, State and local. Race-track betting, school-books, and taxes are among the issues. But what makes this election of special interest outside the State is the extraordinary appeal that has been made for interference by the Federal Government.

During the summer the State Court of Appeals ousted city and county officials, on the ground that preceding elections had been vitiated by fraud. It was not proved that enough fraudulent ballots had been cast to overcome the majority, but that they were enough to support the reasonable assumption that there had been more fraud than had been discovered. The officials of the city of Louisville who were ousted were Republicans. In the decision rendered a Republican judge concurred. The Republicans in turn charged that the Democrats, in the attempt to prevent their future frauds, have barred out legitimate Negro voters. Thereupon Republicans appealed to the Department of Justice at Washington for aid. Just what aid they wanted from the Federal Government is not clear. It is surmised, but denied, that the Republicans wanted United States marshals to guard the ballot-boxes.

Uncle Sam is a genial gentleman; but he cannot be expected to try to right every wrong. Even if it is assumed that the charges against the Democrats are true, nothing can be more futile than the attempt to correct the wrong by Federal interference. There is not even in this case a Federal office at stake, and memories of the Force Bill, which was designed to control elections to Federal offices, are not of the sort that wise politicians invoke. Corruption eliminated by outside pressure naturally returns when the pressure is removed. The only lasting cure for corruption in a State is that which the State applies itself.

Telegrams by the Inch

IN an age in which invention has succeeded invention with startling rapidity we have quickly become accustomed to photographs transmitted by telegraph and no longer wonder at seeing in our morning papers pictures of events which happened the day before some thousands of miles away. Now experiments are being made in Germany to adapt this new process to the transmission of telegrams, so that the receiver may have almost instantaneously a photographic reproduction of the message of the sender, written in his own hand with all its mistakes and crossed-out words.

So successful has been this work—photographs of ordinary telegraph blanks have already been sent in thirty seconds—that it is planned to open an experimental service to the public within eight months in which telegrams will be paid for, not by the word, but by the square inch. The chief assets of this new system, which its promoters believe will supersede our present method of sending telegrams, are that it will completely eliminate any chance of error in transmission and that it should be materially cheaper for all but the briefest messages.

All the world will then need for the virtual annihilation of space is the perfection of television. We already can hear voices over thousands of miles. When we are able to receive photo-telegraphic notes and to see any one in the world beyond all barriers of distance, we shall be confined in space only by our senses of smell, taste, and touch.

Hidden Treasure

HIDDEN treasure! Chests of gold and silver, Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight! There is still romance in the world when in this prosaic twentieth century it is possible for an expedition to set out for Panama on which a descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, roving buccaneer of the seventeenth century, hopes to find by means of a secret chart the wealth his notorious ancestor stole from the sack of the city of Panama and buried, according to tradition, somewhere near Darien.

We cannot feel great faith in the success of the expedition. Somewhere in the wilds of the Isthmus there may be buried gold. The story of Sir Henry's fight with his followers until he alone survived and knew the secret of the buried treasure rings true to the best romantic traditions. And it is entirely fitting that the map, with its directions scrawled on parchment, should be handed down from generation to generation until this modern adventurer sails south in the hope that he has solved its hidden mystery. Yet somehow, in spite of all this, we remain skeptical.

Sir Henry was not the man to leave his treasure buried. His buccaneering was a recognized trade, and the loot he could gather from the Spanish cities he sacked and the Spanish ships he captured was the only pay allowed him by the British Government, which commissioned him to attack the Spanish wherever he found them. His exploits, which were crowned by the sack of the city of Panama in 1671, won him fame and riches, and when he returned to England he was knighted as a sign of royal favor. He even served as Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, although an administration more like that of a pirate chief than a servant of the crown did not add to his reputation. The English could admire his fierce bravery in attacks upon Spain, but even in that sturdy age they could not condone his cruelty.

In seeking his legendary booty, however, to-day's expedition gives convincing proof that the spirit of an age of adventure still lives amid all our preoccupation with business and efficiency.

Louise Anne Charlotte

A BELL has been going the rounds of the battlefields of France, wherever an American boy fell, tolling its simple memorial service in each memory-crowded corner of the country. It came to its final resting-place in the tower of the Ossuary of Douaumont on Sunday, September 18, and there, three times a day as long as the tower stands, it will ring its musical prayer of the Angelus, in recollection of the four hundred thousand men who laid down their lives on the fields of Verdun.

The donor of this unique memorial is Mrs. Harold T. Van Buren, whose life and family have intimately connected her with the histories of both France and the United States. Her husband's

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father was General Van Buren of Civil War fame, and his grandfather was a first cousin of President Van Buren. Harold T. Van Buren was himself for twelve years American Consul in Nice, and when he died, twenty years ago, he asked that he be buried in the French soil which he had loved so well.

Mrs. Van Buren's children, three of whom are living, were all born in France. Her daughter, Mrs. S. Cleveland, accompanied her on the tour of the battlefields which preceded the final installation of the bell. Mrs. Cleveland's husband was chaplain of the 307th United States Infantry throughout the war, and he died recently from a malady contracted during that service.

In searching for the proper memorial to give, Mrs. Van Buren considered many ideas and consulted many eminent French men and women, among them the Marquise de Sers, Madame la Générale Anseline, and the Bishop of Verdun. She is not herself a Catholic, but she feels that her bell, when it tolls, will recall the sacrifice of all without race or sect. On September 18, when the gray day broke, services were held in the Catholic cathedral, the Protestant church, and the Jewish synagogue of Verdun.

The bell, cast by the firm of A. Blanchet, weighs more than two tons. When Mgr. Ginesty, the Bishop of Verdun, christened it in the presence of the Archbishop of Rheims, M. Marin, the Minister of Pensions, M. Hervey, Vice-President of the Senate, and a multitude of other notables and mourners who participated in the solemn ceremony, he named it with the only reference it bears to its donor, taking the name as he found it engraved simply under a Latin inscription: "My name is Louise Anne Charlotte."

New Worlds to Conquer

HAVING marched to the North Pole, sailed in a dirigible over the South Pole, and made a lecture tour in America, Captain Roald Amundsen utters the tragic lament, "There is nothing more for me to do." Wistfully seeking new worlds to conquer, he can find none, so thoroughly explored are continents and seas that the explorer is out of a job.

In the main, of course, Amundsen is right. The North and South Poles were the last of those unknown parts of the world which man had to discover before he could feel that he knew his world. But there are still great gaps in our knowledge. The Putnam expedition has just shown how imperfect are the maps of Baffin Island. Captain Wilkins's flights northwest from Point Barrow are just as important in that he has failed to discover land as if he had not failed, for we have never known just what is land and what is sea in the frozen Arctic. Even greater in its potentialities for adding to our geographical knowledge is the projected expedition of Commander Byrd in the Antarctic. Here is a part of the world of which we know even less than we know of the Arctic. And after that? There are regions in the jungles of South America and Asia and the deserts of Arabia of which we know little.

For Amundsen there may be nothing to do as sensational as visiting the Poles; but for the explorer anxious to increase our geographical knowledge, to sketch in the details on the map, there are still worlds to conquer. The airplane has opened up new possibilities of which the old explorer never dreamed.

Reprisal or Reciprocity?

ON October 4, Secretary Kellogg was drafting a new note asking France to return to the early tariff rate imposed on American goods and requesting treatment equal to that of the most favored nation pending the negotiation of a new commercial agreement between France and the United States, and at the same time refusing to modify the American tariff on French products. On October 5, President Coolidge was represented as feeling hurt by the French attitude to a former ally in tripling and quadrupling her duties on American goods while granting special favors to Germany, a former enemy.

On October 6, the Treasury Department, in accord with the terms of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law of 1922, raised the tariff on certain French products and lowered it on German. This was done in response to the change in the French and German rates. Since it was mandatory by the terms of the law, Secretary Lowman, of the Department of the Treasury in charge of customs affairs, took this action without consultation with Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, or with anybody in the State Department. In commenting on his decision to a Washington correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," Mr. Lowman remarked that the policy of the United States was one of reciprocity. This caused a storm in the State Department, which maintains that there is no such word as "reciprocity" in the American tariff dictionary, and that what we seek is the same treatment accorded to any other nation.

This whole incident raises the question, first, whether our tariff laws are in accord with changed conditions, and, second, whether by our tariff policy we are limited to making reprisals or whether we can sometimes grant favors to our friends for value received. The incident also indicates the need for teamwork in an Administration.

Japan's Financial Recovery

CONFIDENCE in the financial and economic stability of Japan was expressed recently by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co. He has been visiting Japan and conferring with some of the foremost leaders in Japanese finance and industry. It was at a gathering of these leaders that Mr. Lamont made his statement.

As we reported at the time, the Wakatsuki Cabinet resigned last April in consequence of the financial crisis that had resulted in the failure of Suzuki & Co. That crisis, which had also caused other failures, was in turn occasioned by the frozen credit that had been the consequence of the continued inflation after the war. Coming after the earthquake of 1923, this new financial crisis was doubly serious; but it also had its happier side, for it led to a reformation of Japan's financial policies. After the earthquake J. P. Morgan & Co. came to the rescue of Japan with a loan of $150,000,000. Mr. Lamont, in referring to the present situation, paid tribute to the vigor with which the Japanese people had proceeded to the work of recuperation from their disaster. Now, he added, Japan has met its present difficulties "with capacity and intrepidity." Basing his confidence, not only in the courage of the people, but also in the character, intentions, and capacity of their leaders, Mr. Lamont drew this conclusion:

> I have not been here long enough to gain a close personal insight into the conditions, yet I accept with complete confidence the assurances I have received that, though the situation has been bad and still has its difficulties, you have it well in hand and are looking forward confidently to a gradual but sure return to normal conditions.

Americans will welcome this assurance from so high an authority.

Thunder in the Balkans

IRRESPONSIBLE agitators have long been troubling the region where Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece meet. They have defied both the Bulgarian and the Jugoslavian Governments. They have brought matters to a head by assassinating one of the ablest military men of Jugoslavia, General Kovatchevitch.

It is very much as if an irresponsible

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band of Mexicans had conspired in the United States and gone across into Mexican territory to assassinate a Mexican. Naturally, Mexicans would feel that they had a grievance in consequence against the United States. And yet, under the circumstances, the United States Government would not be responsible.

Hotheads in Jugoslavia are calling for war against Bulgaria. The outcry for war in the Balkans has made Europe nervous. The Balkans have long been

Underwood & Underwood

General Arnulfo Gomez, whose death was falsely reported

(See opposite page)

an international storm center. When thunder growls there, it is not surprising that peoples in the rest of Europe prick up their ears. Bulgaria has expressed its regret to the Jugoslavian Government concerning the assassination; but expressions of regret do not end a matter of this sort. The situation is complicated. Britain and France have made suggestions to the Bulgarian Government that it would be advisable for it to take steps to restrain these bands. In the meantime, Bulgaria has declared martial law along the border. Three of the assassins are alleged to have been cornered on Serbian soil and two of these killed.

Behind the Throne in Rumania

THERE are in Europe today no less than five powerful dictators—in Italy, in Spain, in Turkey, in Poland, and in Rumania. In the last country this dictatorship is exercised by two men, the brothers Bratiano, whose importance in the destinies of the country is becoming increasingly evident. For a number of years now nothing has been able to shake them—not the marvelous will power of a King who held on to life in the teeth of death; not the nose for publicity possessed by its most beautiful Queen; not even the matrimonial difficulties and the hopes for the crown of Prince Carol, who has not yet mustered the force for an attack against the two leaders who are determined to keep him out of the country, guarding, at least nominally, the throne for the tiny King Michael, or Mihai.

It is seldom that a family produces three such geniuses for government as has the family Bratiano. First was the father, Jonel, who is credited practically with having created the Kingdom of Rumania and with establishing its dynasty. Extraordinarily enough, his work could be carried on, not only by his own party, the Liberals, but by his own sons.

The Prime Minister of Rumania is now Jonel Bratiano, the son. He is the leader of Parliament. He is the controller of the political life. He is the director of the bitterest opposition to the return of Prince Carol, and the plunging of the country in the chaos, probably of civil war, which would be sure to follow a definite attempt by Carol to regain the throne which he now claims he abdicated only under compulsion.

It is possible that Jonel's brother, Vintila, is even more important to the stability of their fatherland than is the Prime Minister. Upon Vintila depends the financial security of the country. He has mastered the delicate tasks of balancing the budgets of a land which knew the exhaustion of war, and in a world where moneys of a dozen nations had become almost worthless he re-established and stabilized the Rumanian leu. He was Minister of War before his country entered the conflict, and was largely instrumental in preparing a weak army for the devastating conflict which awaited it. As Minister of Finance today, a position which he has held several times, and where the organizing ability which he developed as a highly efficient engineer asserts itself strongly, he has just been in Paris negotiating loans which only the financial stability which he had himself given Rumania made possible.

Political Europe knows that Carol is only biding his time to strike, and it is not counting on the Dowager Queen Marie, nor on the Queen Mother, the wife of Prince Carol, to control the situation and keep peace in the land. The Bratianos are not young, and there must pass many years before King Mihai can protect himself. Will the Bratianos be spared to keep the throne safe for him as they kept it for his grandfather?

An International Joke

IT is both gratifying and surprising to find that Moscow has a sense of humor. Heretofore grim vengeance on

Wide World

General Francisco Serrano, killed by the Mexican revolutionists

(See opposite page)

enemies and weird Soviet economic philosophy have obscured what good nature may be left in Russia.

Not long ago a dazed but patriotic Boston lamplighter and whilom janitor, styling himself "Organizer and President of the World League of Cities," sent at his own cost invitations to countries and municipalities the world over to join in a tercentenary Boston celebration in 1930. Most of the invitees ignored the invitations or cannily asked for more light. But Moscow "bit," as the phrase goes. Its Mayor was moved by the request to carry the message to every corner of Russia. He accepted. When the Soviet officials learned the truth, they took the joke in good part and one of them remarked: "Moscow's sense of humor being fully alive, its citizens may readily join in the world's chorus of laughter."

Lamplighter Ryan did a noble work: he made Russia smile!

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Alarms Across the Rio Grande

MUTINY in Mexico is so old a story that it causes little excitement in the United States. The only reason for surprise in the United States at a revolt now is the feeling which has been common that President Calles has the confidence and good will of the great majority of the Mexican people to such an extent that his Government has held the country in firm control. This conviction has been a reassurance of positive value to public opinion in the United States.

Our only concern with a Mexican internal crisis is the effect it may have upon our relations with Mexico. So long as partisan strife and civil war prevail there, we can have little hope of adjusting conflicts of interest between Mexico and the United States. For this reason, every evidence of stability and order in Mexico is cause for satisfaction on our side of the border.

It is too early to tell definitely what may be the outcome of the latest revolutionary movement, but the indications are that the Government will be able to hold the situation in hand.

The rebellion started on October 3, in the garrison of the Federal District, around the capital city. Its causes lay in the Presidential election contest, in which President Calles—officially and ostensibly a non-partisan—is said to favor his predecessor, friend, and former ally, General Obregon. The leaders of the conspiracy were General Francisco Serrano, the candidate of the "anti-re-election" party opposed to Obregon, and General Arnulfo Gomez, likewise a candidate for the post of Chief Executive, former military commander of the Federal District at the time of the de la Huerta uprising. Aiding and abetting them was General Hector Almada, formerly Chief of Staff of the capital garrison.

The Government struck swiftly against its foes. Federal troops captured General Serrano in the State of Morelos and—after a quick court martial—shot him and thirteen of his adherents. Rumor had it that other loyal troops had taken and killed General Gomez. But he actually dodged arrest and the firing squad by a few moments, and escaped. Two other generals and a number of members of the Chamber of Deputies friendly to the plotters the Government likewise executed in summary fashion. President Calles issued a statement that the Government had known all about the plan of insurrection. Federal forces pursuing Gomez and Almada began to come to grips with their contingents in the mountains of the State of Vera Cruz. Meanwhile General Obregon—the sole remaining Presidential candidate—started for his native State of Sonora, where the Yaqui Indians were taking the war-path. They are enemies of the Government because of a decision over the distribution of land. Obregon's move may have been a response to a threat from Adolfo de la Huerta, now a refugee in California, but apparently in friendly accord with Gomez and reported to have considerable influence among the Yaquis.

The relentless way in which the Government has used its strong hand against its antagonists has caused inevitable outcries of shocked criticism. In these affairs the man who succeeds in shooting his rival instead of being shot has the penalty of appearing as a violent character. But if a parallel situation in the United States could be imagined—if, for instance, at the close of the Civil War the position of the Federal Government had been uncertain after the assassination of Lincoln and a group of Army generals had set in motion a military campaign to seize power—it is at least a question open to debate whether the end might not have been courts martial and execution. To raise the question is to reveal how utterly different is basic political life in the United States and in Mexico, and how impossible it is for us to pass judgment on Mexican action. But—our interest lying in stable administration in Mexico—we can take encouragement from every evidence that the Government has the situation under command.

Hoover and the Politicians

ARE there any more great men? In leveling up the mass of the people has democracy leveled the leaders down? Have the common people gained at the sacrifice of genius? Is the world hereafter to be ruled by mediocrity? Are the men in high position in the world of today mere pygmies that appear to be giants only because they are walking on the stilts of office?

These are questions which have been recently raised, as we suppose they have been raised in every generation. To many minds the Golden Age is always in the past. These questions therefore are not new. They are simply taking a new form. Oddly enough, they are asked at the very time when it is also asked whether democracy, which is held responsible for this process of leveling down, is not itself disappearing.

It is the fashion now to "debunk" the past. But there is no corresponding tendency to exalt the present. Cynicism does not work that way. Attempts to show that the great in the past have inflated reputations and were really, after all, only small men give the impression that the dwarfs of today are by so much the more dwarfish. The gospelers of disillusion are as unhappy about the present as about the past.

In particular, the newspapers seem bent on making big men appear little. They really are not bent on any such thing; they just naturally do it. Newspapers are the product of men who, like the rest of us, prefer to do what is easy rather than what is hard; and it is the easiest thing in the world to pull down reputation. A newspaper man, like fate, loves a shining mark. Besides, a newspaper man who sees the great man often and in close view notes the unessential oddities and defects that disappear in perspective. He can prove his close acquaintance best by noting those insignificant traits. He not only paints the wart, but makes it the outstanding feature of his subject's countenance. Of course he describes the obvious; and to the newspaper man the obvious is whatever makes the big man seem little.

There is only one way by which we can approximate a just estimate of the leaders of our time. That is to exercise sufficient imagination to view them from a point not in the present but in the future. This is not an unscientific thing to do. Indeed, it is the way of those who draw upon science for any constructive work. Those, for example, who are contributing most to aeronautics must by imagination place themselves at some point in the future, construct in their imagination a picture of the airplane as it then will be, and upon that point of view seize upon those elements in aviation at present in which the potentialities of the future are to be found. Every true estimate must be made from a distance that provides perspective. And so it is with the estimate of the leading men of our day.

What will such a view of Herbert Hoover tell us?

It will show the figure of a man unexampled in history. Of what man in any age can be told the story which Vernon Kellogg in this issue of The Outlook tells of Herbert Hoover? Other

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men have been responsible for the death of millions, or at least have been responsible for the direction of events that have resulted in the death of millions. But what other man has been so directly responsible for the direction of affairs that have saved in an emergency and within a brief period so many millions of lives? This is not to say that to Herbert Hoover belongs all the credit of what was done for the relief of Belgium and northern France during the early months of the war. Credit for that is widely distributed. But it is to say that the man who made that work possible and practicable, who overcame obstacles that to millions of others seemed insuperable, who built up, as it were, a sort of state, as Mr. Kellogg says, negotiating treaties, controlling fleets, directing the operations of railways and mills and warehouses, and steering its way across the no man's land between belligerents—that man was an outstanding genius. As a figure in history it is fair to say that he is unique.

What matters it that when he speaks to a large audience his voice does not extend beyond the first few rows of his auditors? What matters it that he is not a hail-fellow-well-met with every man he meets? What matters it that he is not in the least interested in pulling wires for the personal advantage of this man or the other?

Any man who has been tested as he has been, who has been a great administrator in every position he has held, whether handling the food problems of Belgium and northern France, or later the food problems of the United States in war time, or later the problems that confront the Secretary of Commerce, or, finally, the problems involved in the relief and restoration of the flooded districts of the Mississippi, seems to be ideally equipped for the administration of the great office of the Presidency of the United States.

The question is not whether he is great enough for the office, but whether he may not be too great for it. Not too great for the office as perhaps it ought to be, but too great for the office as it is. The President of the United States is not merely the executive head of the Nation; he is also party leader. He must not only direct the execution of the laws and lead in proposing great National policies, but also keep satisfied and contented thousands of party workers by managing compromises between scores and hundreds of party leaders. He must consider those little things of personal relationships, of appreciation of petty services, of friendly understanding of men's minor ambitions, that in a multitude constitute an enormous force. To those who are influential in choosing the candidates these little things are of utmost importance. To a man who has done the things that Herbert Hoover has done they must seem to be of little consequence.

As a rule, our Presidents have not been selected because they were seen to be geniuses. Since the development of party government in this country most of the candidates for the Presidential office have been chosen largely for party reasons. If they have shown greatness in office, it is at least partly because they have been developed by their experience in office and in some cases partly because they had elements of greatness that were not recognized when they were chosen.

Shall Herbert Hoover prove an exception? In a recent conference of political leaders at Washington it is reported that there was general recognition of the possibilities of Mr. Hoover as a candidate. Have we come to the time when public recognition of genius may outweigh the approval of party leaders? Have party differences become so blurred that it is less important to select a man who can lead a party than it is to select a man who can lead the people?

Is Democracy Dying?

ALARMISTS and observers of surface indications only have been pointing to what has been going on in Russia, Italy, and Spain as proving that there is a strong double drift from representative government: the one toward rule by one man; the other toward rule by intrenched committees of classes, such as the Russian Soviet, founded on proletarial dictatorship. But there are stronger indications of a fundamental trust in rule by those chosen freely by the people and acting for the people.

One such indication is a recent article by M. Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of "Le Matin," an able and moderate Paris journal. In this article, which we find in the New York "Herald Tribune," M. Lauzanne says, on the one hand, that there is not the slightest chance of France going Fascist; and, on the other, that France will never become Bolshevist; that "she lacks confidence in the first system and has a horror of the second." The reasons on which these predictions rest lie in French character and history, but they apply also to other advanced nations. The French, M. Lauzanne points out, have a profound sense of order, and they also have the passion of criticism and a satirical eye for the theatrical. Therefore it is that "the Frenchman is aware that all public liberties—the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, and the freedom of assembly—have been the ransom paid for the restoration of order in Italy, and he is not prepared to pay such a price. Above all, he is not ready to abdicate that right of criticism which he has imbibed with his childhood's milk."

As to the French sense of order, he recalls the crisis in 1926 when the French political engine was being driven aimlessly and recklessly. France did not scrap her engine; she called in another engineer, Poincaré. Look at the engine now, says, in effect, M. Lauzanne. "It is exactly the same type; . . . it is neither an Italian tank nor a Russian sledge."

As to the antics and black shirts of Fascism, the French are too much amused to take such theatre stuff as government.

In short, this excellent article sums up the situation in a few words: "France wants authority in liberty. Neither the two words nor the two things are incompatible."

In England and in America there have been lately utterances from powerful labor leaders showing that organized labor and Red radicalism are not only not inclined to each other, but are naturally and mutually hostile. Thus President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, rejoiced at Los Angeles that, as he said, the British labor movement had driven the Communists out root and branch. He then formulated the American labor feeling in these words: "Ours is an American trade-union movement, and we are not going to listen to the call of any siren luring us to experiment with the lives of our men and women on orders from men born in a land of class hatred and ruled by dictators for centuries." In the same week Ramsay MacDonald, the former Labor Prime Minister, himself a mild Socialist, declared at the annual Conference of the British Labor Party that what was needed was for the party "to present to the nation definite pledges of workable reforms rather than vague propaganda for a distant Socialist state." And the Conference voted to formulate that kind of a platform for the next general election.

There is no present danger that any of the new experiments in forms of government will overthrow Lincoln's ideal of government of the people, by the people, for the people.

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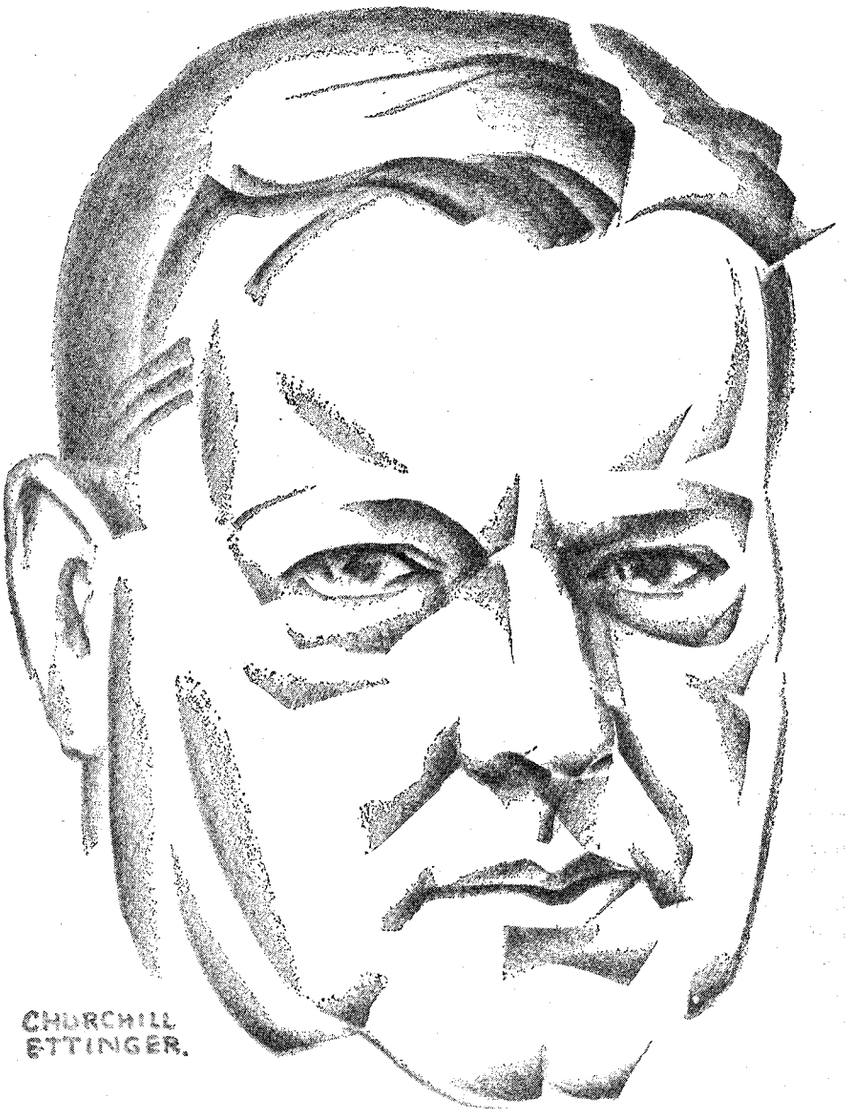
Herbert Hoover as I Know Him

By VERNON KELLOGG

I HAVE known Herbert Hoover since his student days of thirty-five years ago at Stanford University, both as a neighbor and as a leader in great undertakings. I have been associated with him in the Belgian Relief, the United States Food Administration, the relief and reconstruction measures in Europe during the Armistice, the Russian Famine Relief, the Belgian Educational Foundation, the American Child Health Association. I have known him especially in those activities where for the first time in history the highest statesmanship, leadership, and executive ability have been applied as vigorously to save human lives as they have ever hitherto been applied by men and nations to carry on life-extinguishing war.

Those achievements of Hoover as a great public servant engaged in building up stability in business, employment, and prosperity may be discussed by others who have participated in them. My story is solely of the origins and of the humanitarian work of Herbert Hoover. But these adventures in human welfare might, indeed, also be called "big business," for they have, altogether, involved the effective and honest handling of ten or twelve billion dollars, used in saving the lives and homes of literally scores of millions of people and mitigating the suffering and preserving the health of tens of millions of children—always the objects of Hoover's primary solicitude.

There is something new to the world in all this—something greater than those immense human efforts stimulated by the emotionalism of war. For has not Hoover applied the same kind of generalship and effective action displayed in the destructive activities of war, and even on a similarly extensive scale, in his constructively humane work in Europe and the United States? Did we ever quite recognize, before the example Hoover set us, our great responsibilities and the saving possibilities of high organization for the relief of human suffering caused by war and famine and flood?



Herbert Hoover

HERBERT HOOVER was born in 1874, in the small Quaker village of West Branch, Iowa, of a long line of American Quaker ancestors. His father, a country blacksmith, died when he was six; his mother, a woman of unusual mental gifts, died when he was eight. However, he was not a neglected orphan. Devoted Quaker aunts and uncles and grandparents took care of him. But he was moved about a good deal. After a few years in Iowa, he was sent for a year to the Indian Territory to an uncle, then in the United States Indian Service, and after that to the Quaker town of Newberg, Oregon, near Portland, where he lived with an uncle who was a farmer-doctor and whose ministrations are still remembered in that community. The example set by that doctor uncle may have exerted considerable influence in Hoover's later activities.

The boy had chores to attend to on the farm, but they were arranged not to interfere with his classes in a small but good Quaker academy near by. He had not much time for play—except fishing. It was a serious, perhaps a little too serious, life for a boy, but it built up a sound physique. At fourteen he was introduced to the pleasures of earning his own living, first working on a farm and then as an office boy at Salem and Portland, Oregon.

One day there came to the office an engineer engaged in work for the firm. He stayed a few days and became acquainted with the boy. They liked each other. The man brought with him a glimpse of the outside world, especially the world of science and discovery and engineering. He talked with the boy about education. He told him about universities, especially about the opportunities they afforded for the study of science and engineering. The uncle and other Quaker relatives had in mind

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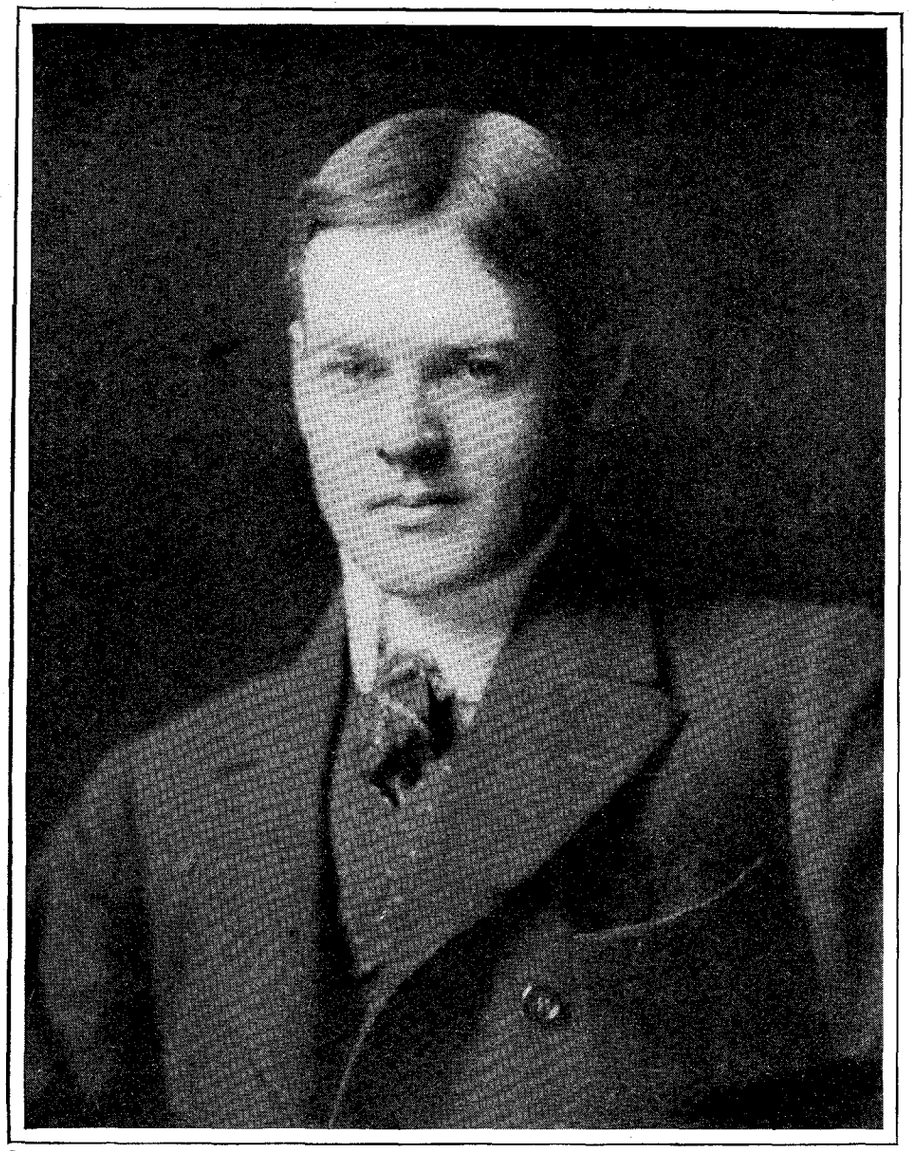

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

Herbert Hoover at twenty-nine

sending the boy to one of the few Quaker colleges of the country—good colleges, but not particularly equipped for engineering study. The visit of the engineer put something into the mind of the boy. He decided that he would go to a modern university, and one which gave special attention to science.

A new university of this type was just being established in California. It was called Leland Stanford Junior University, in memory of the dead son of its founders, Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, and it had a famous scientific man, David Starr Jordan, as President. The Faculty of the new University included, among other first-class scientists, the eminent geologist John Caspar Branner. It also had as Professor of Mathematics Joseph Swain, a Quaker, later President of Swarthmore College. Swain visited Oregon, and the boy called on him and received encouragement to go to Leland Stanford, although his preparation was then deficient. Dr. Swain gave him sound advice about bettering this preparation. Herbert Hoover decided to enter Stanford University at its opening if he could prepare himself for admission.

This capacity for determination, so conspicuous in the man, was already present in the boy.

The decision about the university involved attendance at a business college night school as the only available opportunity for preparation that did not interfere with the office job. But the decision held, and in October, 1891, when the University opened, Herbert Hoover was on hand as member of its first freshman class. He "majored" in geology with Professor Branner, as that department then embraced mining engineering, which was the subject of his special interest, and graduated with the class in 1895. This he accomplished despite the necessity of making up entrance differences and earning most of his way through the four years, supplementing his earnings by work in the summers upon the Arkansas and United States Geological Survey and in the mines of California.

Besides making some acquaintance with the principles of geology and engineering during these four years in Professor Branner's laboratories and lecture-room he also made acquaintance there with a beautiful California girl who was similarly majoring in geology. Out of this latter acquaintanceship grew a college romance with the happiest of results, namely, a marriage and two sons.

Herbert Hoover blesses the memory of that visiting engineer who came to the Oregon office and took such an interest in the Quaker boy he found there. His visit was a seed that blossomed. But it blossomed because it found receptive soil.

To be a college graduate in engineering, to be accustomed and willing to work, and to have a brain with an irrepressible habit of collecting, weighing, and combining facts and using them, with imagination added, to determine constructive action—these, together with a healthy body, apparently inexhaustible vital energy, and a definite aim in life were the equipment of the Stanford graduate of 1895 as he laid aside his sheepskin to take up the miner's pick. To make his start he went direct to the mines, for mining meant work in a mine, and the first work in a mine is done with a pick. The shift boss of the Mayflower mine in California is never tired of telling of the days when Herbert Hoover was "just a common laborer in his gang."

Hoover's hands did not long hold the pick. There were more brains, more science, more imagination, and more ambition behind them than mere digging demanded. But when he moved on, adding another one to the growing group of American engineers scattered over the world wherever great engineering enterprises called them, he carried with him this practical knowledge of mining from below the ground up. An older influential American engineer, acquainted with him through professional contacts, recommended him for an important engineering job in Australia. It was just at the time of the exciting development of mines in West Australia—one of the world's great deserts, with large problems not only of mining but of water supply and transportation. It was the kind of opportunity that tests men. Hoover passed the test and, although still only a youngster, had made his name as constructive engineer.

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China, in one of its spasmodic attempts to be modern, wanted to organize an engineering staff for the development of its mining interests. The young American who had already been so successful in one undertaking abroad was recommended for this more important job. He returned to America, married the girl of the Stanford geological laboratories, and sailed west again to take up his new work. It had at first to do with mines and transportation. But from mines and railways and harbors it suddenly jumped to war waged by fanatics who ignored the usual conventions and were intent simply on reaching and killing the hated "foreign devils," whether men, women, or children. It was the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. Hoover and his wife, together with other Americans and Europeans, were besieged by this fanatical horde for four frightful weeks in Tientsin. It was Hoover's introduction, not only to war, but to "foreign affairs," for the pot of world diplomacy was then especially bubbling in North China.

With the lifting of the siege Hoover, at twenty-five years of age, found little to hold him long in China, and soon took up the general practice of his profession from his California base. Through the next twelve years he was engaged as engineer by large private enterprises and by governments in various parts of the world—in Australia again, and in Russia, India, and the United States.

We who were his neighbors in California enjoyed his frequent homecomings and were glad that no single year saw us without his company. They were active years of constant travel, whereby he gained wide knowledge of social and economic conditions in his own country as well as in much of the rest of the world.

In the way of service to commercial America, perhaps no Americans render more than the members of that body of American engineers who voyage out from the United States to all parts of the world, carrying with them a full equipment of American engineering methods, American machinery, products of American soil, and American engineering skill. And the American spirit burns even more vividly in those whose experiences with other countries is widened than in many who never cross their country's border.

Hoover gathered about him a group of active young American engineers for whom he found abundant opportunity to make good starts in professional life. He and his helpers compelled a reluctant earth to yield its secrets and its treasures to scientific knowledge and sound business attack. Position and income grew apace, for Hoover came into demand as an administrator of large enterprises—especially those which had got into trouble through incompetent management.

Thus his occupation carried him into constantly widening fields. His undertakings included, not only mining, but many related branches of engineering and the mineral industry—that is, the development of systems of transportation on land and water, of housing and provisioning industrial communities established far from centers of civilization, of economic and social devices for the general betterment of the living and working conditions of the workmen and their families. In a single one of his greater engineering engagements, the direction of the equipment and development of famous properties in Russia, the work included everything from the extraction of the raw ores and lumbering and other pioneering work to the manufacture and disposal of the finished product, the conduct of landed estates, and dealing with the Russian Government—with schooling for the community coming somewhere in between. And he found similar training in economics and government in many lands, and developed an ever-growing sense of public service.

Underwood & Underwood
Mrs. Herbert Hoover

The strong humanitarian element inherent in him grew ever stronger as he saw human struggle and suffering in his constant movement to all parts of the world. But he did not realize what extraordinary kind and degree of humanitarian public service was about to be demanded of him.

August, 1914, was not yet come—but it was just at hand. And with its coming active engineering was to pass from Hoover's life. The large professional income of a successful engineer-administrator, with offices in San Francisco, New York, and great cities abroad, was to be unhesitatingly surrendered. A new kind of engineering and administration, not paid for in money but in the tearful gratitude of human millions, was to occupy completely the time, energy, brain, and heart of Herbert Hoover for the next five years.

In these years of philanthropic work he was to apply in a new way the engineering method in which he was so well schooled: first, the determination of the facts; then of the end to be accomplished; then of the agencies available for service; and, finally, of the organization necessary for their mobilization and instant action.

The first bit of this new engineering was not, as later parts were, a matter of life or death. It was comparatively simple—which later parts decidedly were not—but it was a helpful bit. Hoover had gone to Europe early in 1914 to secure from various governments their official participation in the Panama Pacific Exposition, then building in San Francisco, and was in London when the

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war broke. Thousands of American tourists and business men traveling in Europe started for home immediately on the outbreak of the war. But the going was not easy, and grew increasingly difficult as the national frontiers closed more and more tightly. A specific element in the general difficulty was the quickly adopted European moratorium on letters of credit, drafts, and checks. The only money readily usable was cash, and few travelers carry their funds in cash. London was full of stranded Americans—perfectly solvent at home, but effectively broke in the English capital. Others were destitute from loss of employment. They all needed somebody to provide them with hotel rooms and meals, railway and steamer tickets, and pocket money. They needed a new kind of tourist agency, which would not only arrange for their subsistence and traveling needs, but would provide the cash to pay for them either on the basis of personal checks of unknown Americans drawn on unknown American banks or of charity.

Hoover was asked by the American authorities in London to see what could be done. At once he organized a committee of American acquaintances in London, whose members secured funds upon their own credit and undertook a vast and unique tourist business without other profit than satisfaction. They sent home in all over 160,000 stranded Americans in the course of two months.

This practical philanthropy did not fail to be greatly welcomed by Mr. Page, America's Ambassador to London, for it relieved in some measure his mounting burden. To be able to refer the thousands of the American besiegers of the Embassy to the American Committee under Hoover's direction was relief indeed.

As a sequel Ambassador Page had occasion soon to take an action that played its part in determining later the action of a King and his Cabinet in solemnly proclaiming Herbert Hoover "Honorary Citizen of Belgium and friend of the Belgian people."

BELGIUM is a small country, highly industrialized and densely populated. It contains seven and a half million people in an area about equal to that of Maryland. It produces each year only one-sixth of the food its people consume. It never has enough reserve stores of food on hand at any one time to keep its population alive for more than about two months.

When the invading German army closed the Belgian borders in August, 1914, and the Allied fleets began their long blockade of Germany and of German-controlled Belgium, it became immediately obvious that the Belgians would soon face starvation.

The Belgians took what action was possible to them under German control to conserve and to distribute equitably the food on hand. A volunteer unofficial national committee, composed of prominent citizens and two or three American business men resident in Brussels, obtained permission from the German authorities to send a few representatives to London to try to arrange for purchases and importation of food from England. The first representative, Millard Shaler, an American engineer, found himself facing innumerable obstacles. He finally appealed to Hoover for aid, and Hoover brought him to Mr. Page for advice and help as to how to secure permission to move the small food purchases he had made through the blockade and the German lines.

Before arrangements could be completed other deputations of frantic Belgians reached London, and Hoover likewise brought them to Mr. Page for help from a great neutral Government. The Ambassador not only realized at once the seriousness of the situation, but recognized also the fact that if anything more than first aid was to be effected there would have to be a concentration of effort by an unofficial organization of the neutral Government with a vigorous and resourceful head. If he did not visualize the form and all the extraordinary activities of the organization that was to be developed, he did see clearly the man who was to bring it into existence and maintain and direct it through all the war. This man was the engineer who was taking care of the stranded Americans in London. The organization which he was to head, the immensity of whose labors nobody dreamed of in its days of beginning, was to become famous as the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

IT would take a book—a large book—to tell the story of the "C. R. B." Here it may be said only that the Commission by "treaties" which it negotiated with the Allies, on the one hand, and Germany, on the other, and by a financing partly from the charity of the people of the world—especially America and England—and partly from loans of the Allies and America to the Belgian Government, was able for four years to maintain a break in the steel ring inclosing Belgium. Through that break it poured foodstuffs to the total amount of 5,000,000 tons and of the total value of $900,000,000. These life-saving supplies it brought overseas to Rotterdam, the nearest neutral port, by a fleet of cargo vessels in continuous commission, and carried from Rotterdam into Belgium and North France—for this food went to the 2,500,000 inhabitants of occupied France as well as to the 7,500,000 inhabitants of Belgium. And a satisfactory accounting for every pound of food and every dollar of money was rendered to America, the Allies, and the world—an accounting which shows that the whole operation was performed at an overhead cost of a little less than one-half of one per cent of the money involved.

The "C. R. B." had to do with more than a question of imports. It became an organization controlling the domestic food production and distribution in Belgium, in order that all might fare equally. It controlled great fleets of ocean ships and of canal boats, railway movements, warehouses, mills—a unique system, almost a state in itself, negotiating its own international treaties. It was the first "food administration" in the world, a food administration dealing not only with the Belgians, but with the four principal Allies and the Governments of the central empires.

THIS is a simple statement of a very complex undertaking. The details have yet to be told in full. Probably they never will all be told. The difficulty of the work seemed insurmountable.

We expected a major crisis once a month; a minor crisis once a week. Our expectations were met to the full. But the insurmountable difficulties were surmounted; the crises, major and minor, were successfully met. And not a man in the great "C. R. B." organization will hesitate to say, from his personal participation in the work and his close-up observation of it, that it was Herbert Hoover's genius and superhuman labor that made it the success it was.

(Next week Mr. Kellogg will conclude his story of Herbert Hoover, telling how he organized the Food Administration after the American declaration of war, how he reorganized the Department of Commerce, and how he rescued the Mississippi flood victims.)

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America in the Air

An Interview by Dixon Merritt

With CHARLES LANIER LAWRANCE

THE plane by day and the train by night!

Mosaic—with reverse English. The pillar of cloud by night. The pillar of fire by day—the white fire of the lighted airway; the invisible fire of the radio beacon. For fog, as much as darkness, is the enemy of the airman.

Americans commonly crossing the continent in two days or so, riding in an airplane in the daytime and in a train at night.

The conception—and the phrase—belong to Charles Lanier Lawrance, President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Vice-President of the National Air Transport, pioneer of the air-cooled engine, developer of the Eiffel wing. He believes that its realization is only a few years in the future—less than five.

"The way passenger service will start," Mr. Lawrance says, "is this: There will be a commercial air line, let us say, from Columbus, Ohio, to St. Louis. You will get on a train in New York in the evening and go to bed. After breakfast, the next morning, you will get in the plane in Columbus and ride to St. Louis by lunch-time, with half a day for business that you would not have had if you had gone all the way by train. Or you will go on to Tulsa, say, by dark—several hundred miles farther than you could have gone by train."

That is the way it will start, but it will expand rapidly and, Mr. Lawrance thinks, by the end of five years passengers will be going from New York to San Francisco, all the way by plane, in about thirty hours and at tolerably reasonable cost—probably about what a Pullman stateroom would cost.

TWO weeks ago The Outlook ran an article by Mr. Whiteleather on European supremacy in aviation.

In order to satisfy ourselves as to America's position, we asked a man who ought to know. Said he, "The United States is the only country which is in a sound position in the air."

His name is Charles Lanier Lawrance, and he is President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, which builds the Wright Whirlwind Motors. His own inventions have brought every-day flying nearer, and he is probably as closely connected with development in aviation as any man in the country.

—THE EDITORS.

MR. LAWRANCE does not at all subscribe to the statement, so often heard, that the United States is behind European countries in the development of commercial aviation. Quite on the contrary, he believes that the United States is in a more favorable position than any country in Europe. European planes carry passengers, with seventy per cent of the cost paid by Government, while United States planes carry mail and express on a sound business basis.

"Curiously enough," says Mr. Lawrance, "it is because of the business ability of the American people that we have not carried passengers to any great extent."

Passengers, he points out, require fine accommodations and superlative safety. Therefore, economically, a passenger is the worst thing that an American plane can carry. There will be no great development of air-passenger business until both comfort and safety can be assured.

But assurance is nearer than one might think. The prerequisites to safety are, by Mr. Lawrance's count, these:

Adequate airports and airways.

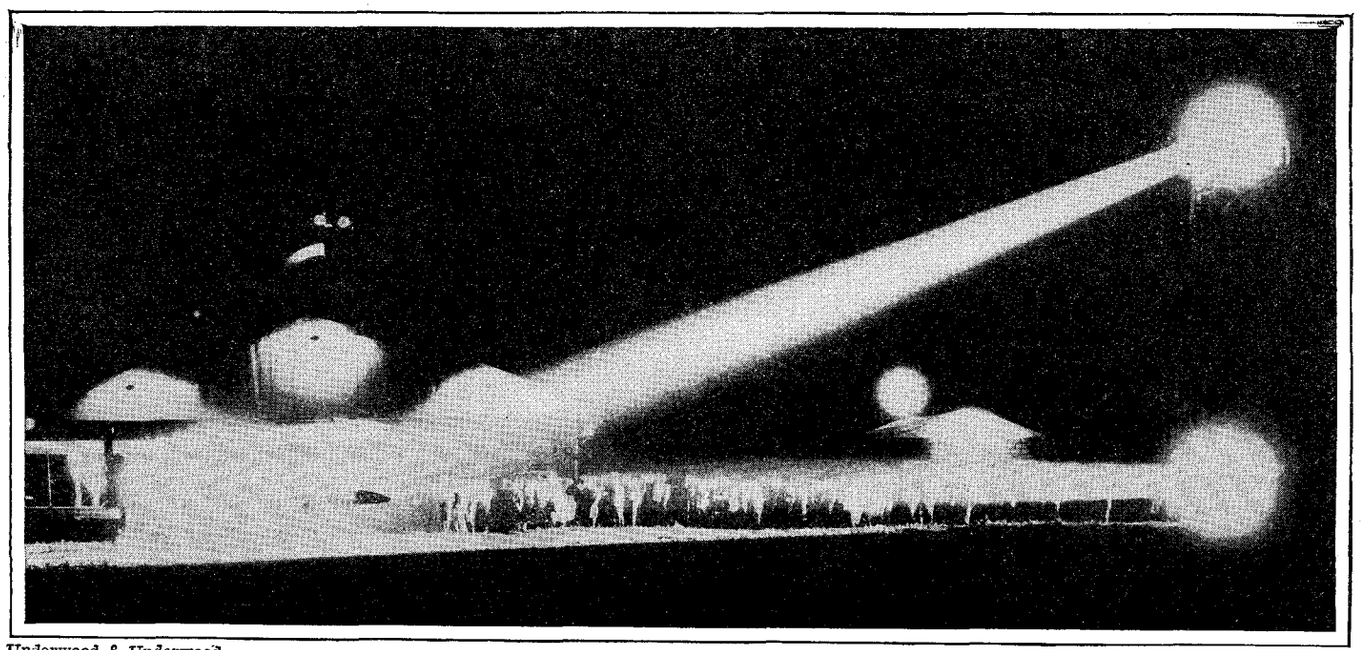
Adequate systems of guiding planes in bad weather.

Comprehensive direction systems by radio beacon.

An altimeter that will tell an aviator how high he is, not above sea-level, but above the ground immediately beneath him.

Rigid inspection to determine what is to be allowed and what is not to be allowed.

ALL of these things are already in the way of realization. An altimeter is being worked out. The radio beacon is in operation. Public interest in airports and airways, apathetic before Lindbergh's flight, is active and eager.



Underwood & Underwood

THE MODERN EQUIVALENT OF THE PILLAR OF FIRE

Huge floodlight at the air field in Omaha, Nebraska

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The Department of Commerce is just working out its inspection system, free from the military specifications that have hampered European aviation. Both Lindbergh's and Chamberlain's planes, Mr. Lawrance says, would have been ruled out on many counts in Great Britain or France.

Those are the elements of safety still to be perfected. Landing speed has already been controlled by wheel brakes. While non-capsizable, hovering planes might be desirable, they do not appear to be practicable. Anything that would bring about these results would be attained at the sacrifice of speed. "And," says Mr. Lawrance, "the essence of flying is speed. If you have not speed, you might better go some other way." Multimotored planes Mr. Lawrance regards as probably necessary to safety.

But, he points out, most accidents are caused by bad weather, not by bad equipment or bad flying. And accidents due to engine failure are fewest of all. Defects in equipment that cause accidents are usually in the fuel system.

Generally speaking, he says, planes do not fall. They have to make forced landings. And, if they know where they are, how high they are, and have an airport within reach, they are all right. After all is done, he admits, it will happen occasionally that an aviator will have to come down where there is no place to land, and there will be an accident. But it will just have to be—as accidents are in automobiles, on railroads, and in ox-carts.

Photograph by Gessford

Charles Lanier Lawrance

THE attainment of comfort in air travel, too, is not so far away as it might seem—comfort to the passenger and profit to the carrier. No plane of less than twenty-passenger capacity is either profitable or comfortable, Mr. Lawrance says, and we are just reaching the stage where planes are built as big as that. Indeed, no American plane today is as big as that. The biggest that we have are the Ford and the Fokker, each of nine or ten passenger capacity.

But Germany is building forty-passenger planes and is experimenting with one of a hundred-passenger capacity. Other European countries are doing things of the same kind. "We in America," says Mr. Lawrance, "will probably imitate the Europeans and improve on their planes."

It is in the big, comfortable, profitable planes that the bulk of America's air-passenger business will be done—done by large air transportation companies that ultimately can make flying a chief mode of travel because they do not have to invest in roadbed.

But Mr. Lawrance points out two other ways in which travel by air will increase rapidly—the privately owned plane and the taxiplane.

Short rides for thrills are just now very common, several times more so than they were before Lindbergh's flight. This practice, Mr. Lawrance thinks, is not to be commended, but the companies that engage in thrill flying are rendering a service in that they are familiarizing the public with flying. Pretty soon they will disappear or be transformed into taxiplane companies, carrying passengers for comparatively short distances where there are no regular commercial air lines or lighted airways.

THE privately owned plane, used by families much as an automobile is used, is already a reality. Mr. Lawrance quotes figures to show that in the Middle West, where flying conditions are more nearly ideal than elsewhere in this country, there are already in use many privately owned planes and privately owned landing-fields. He expects to see this use of the plane increase greatly in that region. He is not very hopeful of large private use of planes in the East, particularly near the cities of the seaboard, where flying conditions are difficult. But private ownership and operation will be, for a long time, an expanding part of American flying.

"But, after all," Mr. Lawrance continues, "the real future of travel by air rests with the airway and the big commercial company."

"The saving of time," he observes, "has always been the basis of our progress. And, since traveling by air does save time, it is bound to develop in the United States.

"It is bound to develop, too, because we are in a sound position to develop it. American companies, carrying mail and express and a few passengers, are either making money or breaking even. European companies, carrying passengers and mighty little mail or express, depend upon the government for all but thirty per cent of their income. They started on a subsidy basis and on a red-tape basis of inspection, and they cannot easily escape from either.

"We are far from being behind European countries in the air.

"The fact is that we are the only country on earth that is in a sound position in the air."

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Springfield, Missouri

Positively Her First Appearance

An English Lecturer Looks Us Over

By ELIZABETH DREW

I ONCE heard a story of an Englishman who got into a railway compartment with an old countryman, who proceeded to smoke a very dirty old pipe of extremely rank tobacco. At length he felt he could bear it no longer.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I am a doctor of twenty years' experience, and I think I ought to tell you that, in my opinion, every case of cancer of the throat I have treated has been caused by the smoking of bad tobacco."

The old farmer went on puffing for a few moments, then he removed his pipe to say:

"Well, I've had sixty years' experience, and I think I ought to tell you that, in my opinion, every case of a black eye and a bashed-in nose I ever met has been caused by folks interfering with other folks' business."

THE profound wisdom of this remark should perhaps be laid away in the heart of every English lecturer who visits America, for I fear the principle of non-interference has not always been remembered in the last few years. The popularity of the lecture in this country has indeed been exploited shamelessly. The lure of high fees in America has tempted from across the seas many a poet, dramatist, novelist, traveler, philosopher, or writer of memoirs in order to pose as a speaker at several hundreds of dollars per night. This may perhaps be forgiven, and the blame for its own subsequent disappointment may be laid to the hospitable American public whose curiosity to see the lions is really much stronger than its insistence on brilliant roaring. However, it does seem, to say the least of it, a breach of good manners for such speakers to pocket their fees and then rush into print to prove that the only "rift within the loot," as the poet says, is the horror of American advertisements or American accents, American hustle or American handshakes, American Puritanism or American Pullmans.

It is difficult to account for the very waspish temper of these visitors who sting the hand that feeds them, except by remembering what an enormous number of people do go through life with the schoolboy attitude that everything different from their own community habits is necessarily inferior to them—the attitude of poor dear Britannus in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," who is so pathetically convinced that the customs of his country are synonymous with the laws of nature and the will of God. It is not a very favorable attitude for enjoying foreign travel.

WE all know how British lecturers look to us. We don't always know how we look to them. Sometimes the lions go home and tell us in print, often with embarrassing candor, what they think of America and Americans.

But the author of the accompanying article feels that the lions don't see the whole picture. She believes that she has seen it from a slightly different angle—and she tells us how we look to her.

THE EDITORS.

Certainly, for the lover of experiences, to whom everything different is an adventure, there is no better way of exploring "the real America" than by a lecture tour. This means landing strange, friendless, alone, without even the merest acquaintance on the whole continent, totally ignorant of American customs, organizations, or geography, and traveling anywhere where an audience can be found that will pay to listen.

Such a tour, as can well be imagined, is very different from those arranged by the well-known agents for their menageries, but I doubt if the lions have half the fun of the independent vagrant speaker. They don't stay in the hotels where you sit in a rocker in the window, and they don't ever speak in smaller cities. I mean the sort of city where you are always entertained in the Congregational Church parlors; where you always eat the same meal of tomato soup, chicken, salad, and ice-cream, and where the first half of the lecture is given to the accompaniment of the dishes being washed behind the scenes, while during the second half some one comes to practice on the organ in the church.

BUT, in spite of the fun, there are thorns in the path of the unknown lecturer. Those who have stayed in many hotels in America will know that they often find a Bible in their bedroom, placed there by the Gideonites, accompanied by references to texts for every unpleasant situation—if lonesome and blue and friends are untrue; if trade is poor; if you feel all out of sorts; if you can't have your own way; and so on. But, in spite of all the helpful instruction in the texts, they do not cover all the situations which confront the inexperienced speaker, and there is, alas! no book of etiquette for lecturers. Would that there were! Introductions, for example, and how they should be met, would be a useful chapter, and one especially required by the beginner. The lion has little trouble here. He may have to listen to praise which is a little exaggerated (but it is unlikely that he will think so), or the tale of his exploits may take a little too long, but every one is at least waiting eagerly to listen to him. Not so with the newcomer. The audience, indeed, has often to be molded and cajoled into a receptive frame of mind. The speaker must remember that many of the figures before her do not really want to be there at all. They have probably come from a sense of the duty of cultivating their minds, a sense of loyalty to the club, or a sense of friendship for some member of the committee. The knowledge of this, moreover, may creep inexorably into the harassed president's introduction of the speaker, try she never so hard to be tactful.

It was in a small Middle Western city in midwinter. I found that the one train in the day which connected it with my last stopping-place, less than a hundred miles off, arrived an hour after I was due to speak. A perplexed club secretary explained over the long-distance telephone that if I took a train to another junction I could there find a trolley which would bring me within thirty miles of my destination and could come on thence by motor bus. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. At four o'clock in the afternoon I emerged from the bus, thanking whatever gods there be for my unconquerable constitution. Any one who has traveled over a dirt road in midwinter during a hard frost will understand what that thirty-mile journey had been like; one appeared to be traversing a solidified choppy sea. However, I had arrived, and could speak as per schedule. The room was well filled. "Ladies," said the president, "Miss Drew has had great difficulty in reaching us today, and I know you will

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all join with me in expressing our gratitude to her for coming. But," she went on, evidently feeling some overmastering necessity for touching the delicate topic, "as I look round the room this afternoon, Miss Drew is not the only person to whom I feel gratitude. Some of you may know that we have been a little nervous about this lecture. We all know how hard it is to get people to come to a lecture when it is competing with entertainments, and there were several entertaining events scheduled in the city for this afternoon. So that I feel, before asking Miss Drew to give us her talk, I should like to say how very grateful I am to the members of the club for supporting us in this way this afternoon. And I am happy to say that next month I have no doubt that the meeting will be a large one, as we have Mr. Louis Anspacher coming, and I need say no more."

Or, again, there was an unfortunate moment in a very small town in Canada. "This is an event in the history of our club," began the president, "for it is the first time we have ever had a woman to address us." (Again this overmastering impulse.) "Of course, we know that a good many members of the committee think we are making a very great mistake in changing our rule, but we had a majority in favor of a trial. Miss Drew is going to speak to us about George Bernard George, and I know there is a treat in store. I have myself been enjoying 'The Outline of History' lately, and I feel sure that Miss Drew is going to make it equally interesting to all of you." What text can give inspiration at such a moment? Feverishly the speaker gropes in her mind for something which shall smooth her way. Fragments of the Red Queen's advice present themselves: "Curtsey while you are thinking what to say; it saves time. . . . Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing. . . . Turn out your toes and remember who you are." But what is there to do but to crave at least the Johnsonian attitude towards a woman speaking in public—"it is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised that it should be done at all"—with the faint hope that remarks about "Back to Methuselah" will duly mislead those who insist on an outline of history.

Or there was that evening lecture when, with the help of a new dress and the kindly artificial light, I was evidently looking my best, and the friendly introducer wanted to pay me a compliment on my appearance. "I understand," she said, "that Miss Drew, besides having lectured at Oxford and Cambridge, England, is also the author of a very clever book—though I am sure you will all agree with me," with an arch look at me, "when I say that no one would think it to look at her!"

INDEED, I defy any lecturer to have a shred of vanity left about himself at the end of his, or her, pioneer tour. I suppose an optimist might be defined as some one who believes what is said about speakers in their folders, but the unhappy performer often has need to fortify his courage by recalling some of it to mind himself. It was a fellow-worker in the profession who told me once what happened to him. He spoke without payment on some philanthropic scheme in which he was interested, but on one occasion there had been some misunderstanding as to terms, and after the lecture he was presented with a small check. He explained that he did not wish to be paid, on which, turning to a friend, the treasurer exclaimed, 'Dr. —— says we do not owe him this check, so we can put it in the fund. Isn't that nice?" "And may I ask what your fund is for?" inquired the speaker. "Oh, it's a fund we've started so that we can afford better speakers next year."

Or again, there was the occasion when two colleges in the same city chose the same subject for a lecture, and I wrote to ask if it was of any consequence. The secretary meant no discouragement, I know, but what she wrote was: "My dear Miss Drew, it will not matter at all if you speak here twice on the same topic. I think it is most unlikely that any one who hears you in the afternoon will be in the audience of your evening lecture."

BUT there are the compensations. The glorious times when everything seems to go well. When, like the favorite politician, if you make a joke you are immediately voted brilliant and witty, and if you can't think of a joke you say it is no time for trifling and are immediately voted able and sincere. Moreover, there are times when your popularity does not depend at all on what you say. Ladies have often told me, and I know it is a compliment, that it wasn't so much what I said, but to hear it said in an English accent, which kept them spellbound. Once too I saw a lady bring in a little girl of nine or ten years old. "Why have you brought Virginia?" asked the friend she sat beside. "Miss Drew is not speaking for children, you know; I don't think Virginia will understand." "Oh, I don't really mind what Miss Drew *says*," replied the mother, "but I think it will make her geography so much more real to Virginia if, when she hears about England, she can visualize a native from that shore." Against which I should, in all fairness, put the story of the English schoolboy who asked me, innocently, "How many wives is it an American may have if he believes in the Monroe Doctrine?"

THE lions, again, must, in the nature of things, miss many of the adventures by the way. Their agents plan their schedules for them and tell them which trains to take—make, I mean. They can never get the charming letters I used to receive pointing out with such tact and gentleness that if I had planned to speak one day in North Dakota and two days later in Idaho, I could not arrange a booking for the intermediate day in Tennessee. Nor do I think that lions ever travel in day coaches. I am sure no drummer in electric washing-machines ever printed for any of them across the top of his newspaper, "R. U. ALONE AND LONESOME?" I suppose the correct repartee to that is, "If lonesome or blue or friends untrue, turn to 1 Timothy xix. 7," or words to that effect; but I should have missed a most agreeable conversation if I had made it.

Another train acquaintance was anxious that I should know his name before we parted. "You'll never forget it, I promise you," he declared as he chuckled in anticipation of the joke that was coming. "Now, what's the opposite of natural?" "Unnatural," I suggested, not feeling very intelligent. But he was patient with me. "Try again. The opposite of a natural flower is an"—"Artificial." "That's it! That's me! Arty Fischel, that's who I am! You'll never forget that, will you?" he insisted, as he handed me his visiting card; and indeed I don't suppose I ever shall.

I shall never forget one trip across the desert. Weary of the constant succession of vast industrial cities, each, to the alien eye, more ugly than the one before, and each regarded by its inhabitants as the apex to which all civilization had been slowly clambering since the birth of time; weary of the vast stretches of the plains (for grain-bearing country when it is not bearing grain is as uninspiring as an empty theatre), the eye and the mind rest with a new-found delight on that strange wonderland. Those friendly traces of an older civilization—Mexican huts and Indian pueblos; the men and women working the

(Continued on page 220)

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Feline Culprits and Canine Companions

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AS I came out of the city this afternoon to my home in the country I entertained myself on the train by reading William Lyon Phelps's always readable "As I Like It" in "Scribner's Magazine." His mensual comments on books, the drama, sports, morals, good taste, good English, men, women, and animals are not only entertaining but informing and provocative of thought. To be provocative of thought is one of the finest qualities of an essay, and in this respect Professor Phelps's paragraphs are essays in miniature. I find myself almost always in agreement with him, but I cannot accept his laudatory estimate of cats.

His readers, of whom I am one of the faithful, are aware of his fondness for cats. His animal friendships are feline rather than canine. This assertion can be mathematically proved by a paragraph in the current installment of "As I Like It:"

> In addition [he says] to my two dogs, Rufus H. Phelps and Lad H. Phelps, and my three cats, I have recently acquired a South American parrot, who speaks English and Portuguese fluently, and shakes hands like the chairman of a reception committee.

From this it is apparent that Professor Phelps is three-fifths a cat lover while he is only two-fifths a dog lover. Now this is a puzzle to me. I have never been able to discover any spiritual qualities in cats, but I have known, and known of, dogs in whom such qualities were highly developed—the qualities, for instance, of courage, loyalty, affection, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, devotion. I can recall dogs, friends of mine, whose faces, manners, tricks of expression, and temperaments were as individualistic as if they were humans. They stand before my mind's eye while I write as distinct personalities although their bodies were turned to dust years ago. But of the scores and scores of cats that I have seen in my life my memory cannot distinguish one from another. Professor Phelps would doubtless say that I belong to the camp of the dog partisans and am incapable of rising above my prejudices.

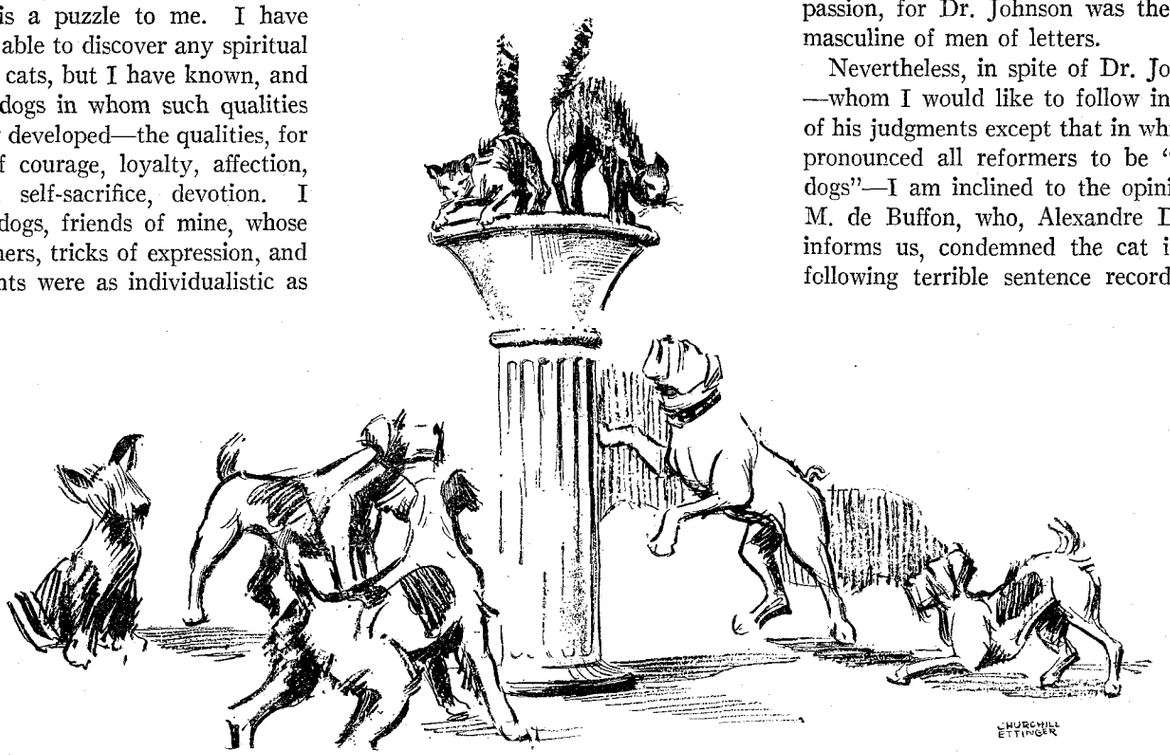
If that is true—and I confess to being often a victim of prejudice in controversial questions—then the whole range of English literature is tainted with prejudice against the cat. In his advocacy of cats I wonder how Professor Phelps, preeminently a man of letters, gets over this literary obstacle. The very word feline has a secondary meaning of cruelty, treachery, stealthiness. The adjective canine has no such obnoxious connotation. To call a woman catty is an insult, but a man takes it as a compliment to be called dogged. "It's dogged as does it," is one of the most highly honored of British proverbs.

Moreover, let me ask what has the cat ever contributed of consequence to literature? Is there any anthology of feline poetry comparable to Robert Frothingham's "Songs of Dogs"? Are there any cat stories like Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders"? Or Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends"? Or John Muir's "Stickeen"? The only literary precedent for Professor Phelps's feline attachments that I can think of—and I admit that it is a very affecting and powerful one—is Dr. Johnson's tenderness for his cat, Hodge. Leslie Stephen thus transcribes the story from Boswell:

> His cat, Hodge, should be famous among the lovers of the race. He used to go out and buy oysters for Hodge, that the servants might not take a dislike to the animal from having to serve it themselves. . . . Boswell, who cherished an antipathy to cats, suffered at seeing Hodge scrambling up Johnson's breast, whilst he smiled and rubbed the beast's back and pulled its tail. Bozzy remarked that he was a fine cat. "Why, yes, sir," said Johnson; "but I have had cats whom I liked better than this," and then, lest Hodge should be put out of countenance, he added, "but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed." He told Langton once of a young gentleman who, when last heard of, was "running about town shooting cats; but," he murmured in a kindly reverie, "Hodge sha'n't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot!"

Johnson "had cats." Hodge, it appears, was not a whim, but a habit. After this a love of cats cannot be called by the doggedest opponent a feminine passion, for Dr. Johnson was the most masculine of men of letters.

Nevertheless, in spite of Dr. Johnson—whom I would like to follow in most of his judgments except that in which he pronounced all reformers to be "Whig dogs"—I am inclined to the opinion of M. de Buffon, who, Alexandre Dumas informs us, condemned the cat in the following terrible sentence recorded in



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his famous "Dictionary of Natural History:"

> The cat is but a faithless domestic pet, one we keep only out of necessity, to keep down other household enemies even more annoying, and which we cannot otherwise get rid of; . . . true the cat, and still more the kitten, has pretty ways, it has at the same time an inborn love of mischief, a treacherous disposition, a natural perversity, which age only increases and training only succeeds in partially concealing.

Dumas was a judge of domestic pets, but he was five-sixths a dog lover and only one-sixth a cat lover. He had at one time at his country villa five dogs, one cat named Mysouff, a tame vulture, three monkeys, a blue and red parakeet, a green and yellow ditto, a golden pheasant named Lucullus, and a game-cock named Calsar. Of these he placed as *facile princeps* one of the dogs, Pritchard, "whose noble qualities and high breeding," he says, "well deserve this honor." It is true that Pritchard was once tried for killing a wild hare, but he was acquitted, since he brought the hare home unmangled for his master's dinner. On the other hand, Mysouff, brought to trial for torturing, murdering, and ruthlessly mangling the birds in Dumas's aviary, was condemned to imprisonment in the monkeys' cage on the ground of racial bad character, as set forth in the above-quoted opinion of Buffon, the famous naturalist.

But everybody knows that Dumas was an emotional person, and it may be said that he permitted his feelings to overrule his reason. Well, then, let us turn to the least emotional of all naturalists, Thoreau, who observed men and animals exactly as he did trees or potato vines. His works are published in twenty volumes. A careful examination of the index reveals forty references to dogs and only twenty-five to cats. That is to say, he estimates that in the scale of nature the importance of the dog is to the importance of the cat as 8 to 5. But Professor Phelps's ratio is dog: cat:: 2:3. Here is a mathematical disagreement which I think Professor Phelps is bound to explain to his readers and students.

But perhaps he will say that tastes cannot be measured by statistics, that the man who prefers strawberry jam to orange marmalade cannot be moved by the statement of the Agricultural Department that 5.376+ times as many tons of marmalade are consumed annually as of jam. Thoreau, however, is not always a mere statistical scientist. In his "Journal" he relates a canine anecdote and says that it indicates that dogs in some respects are more civilized than men, while cats "are so naturally stealthy, skulking, and creeping about, affecting holes and darkness, that they will enter a shed rather by some hole under the door-sill than go over the sill through the open door."

I will call two more literary witnesses and then rest my case. "Bobby" Burns was a dog lover or he could never have written "The Twa Dogs," in which Cæsar, the aristocratic Newfoundland, and Luath, the plowman's collie, discuss the frailties of mankind and "rejoic'd they were na *men,* but *dogs.*" Nor could the poet who wrote so tenderly of the field mouse have been overfond of the ruthless feline enemy of that "wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie."

Burns's great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, is to be counted in the noble company of companions of the dog. His staghound, Maida, is one of the most notable canines in literature, "the noblest dog," to use Scott's phrase, "ever seen on the Border since Johnny Armstrong's time." Maida was named for the battle of Maida in Italy, where the British beat the French in 1806 during the Napoleonic wars. The name, therefore, in spite of its feminine form, is not so inappropriate as it seems for a dog of fighting masculinity.

It must be said in the interest of truth that Scott had "a favorite cat;" but in extenuation of this favoritism I beg to point out that Scott made the admission in recognition of the misplaced passion of his friend Joanna Baillie, the Scottish dramatic poet. Writing to Miss Baillie, the author of "Waverly" said of Maida:

> He is between the deer greyhound and mastiff, with a shaggy mane like a lion; he always sits beside me at dinner, his head as high as the back of my chair; *yet it will gratify you* [the italics are mine] to know that a favorite cat keeps him in the greatest possible order, and insists upon all rights of precedence, and scratches with impunity the nose of an animal who would make no bones of a wolf, and pulls down a red deer without fear or difficulty.

A tribute to the magnanimity of the dog under the guise of a compliment to the impudence of the cat!

Washington Irving visited Abbotsford in 1817, and in one of his essays gives this pleasant picture of Scott and his dogs:

> As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal, and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants upon man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great deal of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't keep giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say—Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"

In this brief sketch I have referred to only a few of the champions of the dog. Can Professor Phelps furnish an equal list of writers or poets who are advocates of the cat? I fear not, for apparently most men of letters are like Haddad-Ben-Ahab, the Arabian traveler: "He was kindly and good-natured to the whole human race; he even carried his benevolence to the inferior creation, and often patted his dogs on the head and gave them bones; but cats he could not abide. Had he been a rat, he could not have regarded them with more antipathy; and yet Haddad-Ben-Ahab was an excellent man, who smoked his chibouque with occasional cups of coffee and sherbet, interspersed with profound aphorisms on the condition of man, and conjectures on the delights of paradise."

It is a cheering thought to me that a man may be insensible to feline charms and yet be rated as excellent.

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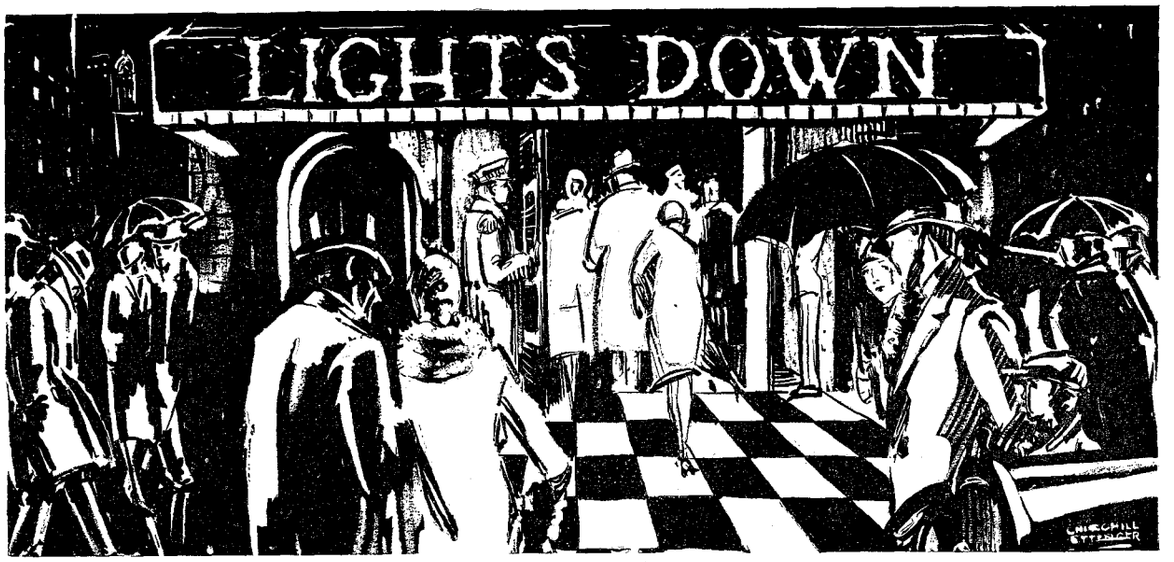

A Review of the Theatre

"Saturday Evening Post" Night

By Francis Rufus Bellamy

IN his beautiful and sensitive book, "The Prophet," Kahlil Gibran, speaking of marriage, says:

And stand together, yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Fantastically enough, he might have been speaking of the emotional basis of "The Shannons of Broadway," James Gleason's new play at the Martin Beck Theatre. Parenthetically, Gleason's play is badly named; for all the action takes place far from Broadway, in a small New England village hotel, and there are no songs by Fiske O'Hara in it. But otherwise it is a good show.

The Shannons themselves—Mickey and Emma, husband and wife—are two vaudevillians, stranded in a one-night-stand town, who, refused lodgings, remain to buy the hotel, show their good-heartedness beneath their hard-boiled exterior, nearly lose all their savings and their marriage as well, but end up happily, foiling the local villain and generally playing Santa Claus to everybody—all in a cross-rough hand of melodrama and vaudeville glamour—the melodrama being the dummy, and vaudeville taking the tricks.

To sincere drama, "The Shannons" is about what an entertaining "Saturday Evening Post" story is to literature: something that can be recommended to nearly every one, provided too much is not expected.

And yet it has a touch of human reality beneath it, too.

For what Gleason, of "Is Zat So?" fame, has done is to write a regular old-fashioned melodrama, "Way Down East," and introduce into it two vaudeville actors to make wise-cracks on the action as it progresses, and they themselves get mixed up in it. This melodrama is never real, but the wise-cracks are nearly always unfailing—which makes it amusing. The whole is saved from pure hokum (Mr. Theodore Kremer, meet Mr. E. F. Albee!) and wearisome repetition by the genuine portrayal of a real marriage between an actor and an actress who together are a loyal "team" and yet each of whom is always "himself."

It is this quality which carries "The Shannons" to success—without a single out of the ordinary mention of sex or marriage in the dialogue. It would be difficult indeed to secure a more moving moment in the theatre than the one in which Lucile Webster, the wife, forgiven by her husband for having, unknown to him, lost all their savings, turns to him with passionate emotion, and says to him: "How I love you, you poor, skinny little bum!"

This is the real emotion of the play, as contrasted with the emotion of the local melodrama of the village, which exists mainly so that the Shannons can play Santa Claus and Bobby Clark with it. To wit: the ingénue resolutely refuses the love of the juvenile—who is the son of the local rich villain, a realtor—because he drinks. The boy, hating his father, is yet tied to his home by an invalid mother (off stage, thank Heaven!). Whenever he tries to leave home and be a man, the father holds him by reminding him that it will kill his mother. At one dramatic point the father does this to the boy in a hotel lobby.

Whereupon admonishes Gleason: "Don't fall for that mother gag, boy. He'll be waving a flag at you next."

This is Gleason's rôle throughout, hard-boiled commentator; while Lucile Webster does the "big-hearted" act despite her vulgar language and rough exterior. The play nevertheless is quite continually funny, because Mr. Gleason has succeeded in making both rôles fairly credible, although sometimes too obviously done for a sophisticated audience which is asked to believe in Mrs. Shannon's genuine great-heartedness at the same time that that great-heartedness is portrayed with almost as much crudity as the melodrama at which the audience is plainly only meant to laugh.

Without further reinforcements perhaps these rôles would not stand. But there are others.

The most authentic thing in the play, after the delineation of the loyalty between husband and wife, is the convincing portrayal of the fascination and glamour of theatrical life from which the born actor can never escape.

Notably: To the hotel come the "Melody Boys"—four jazz saxophone artists, old friends on the "Big Time," with whom the Shannons played. The night clerk—another vaudeville actor out of a job who is working out his hotel bill, due to the Shannons' kindness—stands glumly at the desk while they get out their instruments to surprise Emma Shannon, who is superintending the dining-room.

At the first few bars of the serenade out rushes Emma, wild with joy at the

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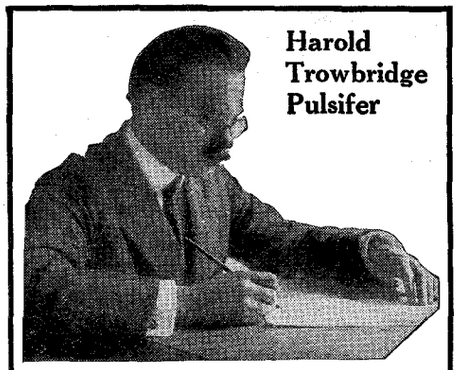

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

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A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past

"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, ship-builder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

The Boston "Globe" says: "It is a rare occasion in the world of books when such a little gem as this is born."

The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

The "Public Ledger" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has molded his prose to the same sensitive craftsmanship he has given to the shaping of poetry."

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old familiar melody and the sight of her friends, seizes an instrument herself, and all five fill the hotel with throbbing, glamourous, pulsing melody—the kind that starts your fingers tapping, your feet moving, and your lips whistling. It is like wine to the glum desk clerk. He feels the pull. He seizes the penholder and in an instant is tapping the glass, ringing the bell, giving an imitation of Vernon Castle at the traps; while the memory of romantic nights behind the footlights crowds into the imagination of the players, spreads across the footlights of the Martin Beck to the audience, and for an instant the glamourous, romantic thrill of the stage to the actor—the fascination and its endless dream—is abroad in the hearts of every one.

This is a heart-stirring moment—as moving as any poet's cry for the ocean or the lights of home to the returning traveler. Here are wanderers, minstrels, folks on a foreign shore. Here is nostalgia. So far as one could judge, the audience would have been content to listen to the Melody Boys for the rest of the evening.

Such things are pleasant moments in life. And "The Shannons of Broadway" is just that. Mickey and Emma aren't so, and you know it. The play is mostly theatrical tricks. But any one who likes good vaudeville would like it—and most other people, too. When you come out of the theatre, the world pleases you a little better.

Our Own Theatre List

Still With Us

"Saturday's Children," Booth Theatre.—Young love struggling for individualistic happiness, without and within the bonds of matrimony. We would have given it the Pulitzer Prize.

"The Spider," Music Box.—Mystery melodrama with more surprises than any play on Broadway.

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"In Abraham's Bosom," Provincetown Playhouse.—The Pulitzer Prize play.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

New Faces

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Pickwick," Empire.—All right, if you like "Pickwick Papers." If not, use your own discretion.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"Peggy-Ann," Vanderbilt.—Demure, but not "Queen High."

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

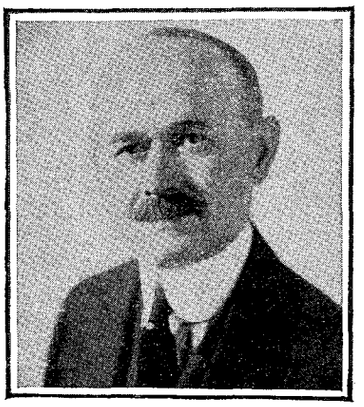
Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

Pelmanism's Large Return

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) BEN LINDSEY.

NOTE: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

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Vodvil and Legit

By Edmund Pearson

IN the old days of "Puck" there were a great many pictures, usually by Opper, of the actor parading the Rialto—or Broadway. He wore a rusty tall hat, and a long overcoat with shabby astrakhan at the collar and cuffs. His face was gaunt and his chin not recently shaven, but he carried himself with a magnificent strut. This, because he had "once played with Booth." He was very contemptuous toward folk whom he called "low-down variety fakers."

If this person ever existed, he is practically extinct today. Opper's drawings were, of course, largely caricature, or at best he dealt with the ham actor who was himself something of a faker, like the leading character in Mr. Marc Connolly's recent play "The Wild Man of Borneo." The great and really successful actors have usually fought their way up from the humblest beginnings, and are sympathetic toward all their brother and sister entertainers, whether they paint their faces white and amuse circus audiences, shoot glass balls from horseback, or appear in charge of a troupe of trained seals. The famous star who has written one of the books mentioned here today would be the last person to object to a discussion, on the same page, of a book about the circus and another one describing the lives of variety actors in a cheap boarding-house. Indeed, Mr. Wallace Smith in "Are You Decent?" illustrates this exact point in the story about the great Shakespearean actor who chums readily and affectionately with his old fellow-troupers but is himself snubbed by the third-rate legitimate actor who declines his offer to appear in Shakespeare for the movies.

The circus might be classed, snobbishly, as the lowest form of the three kinds of entertainment represented in these books. Few of us nowadays make any such classification, or find it necessary to invent a small boy as an excuse for going to the big show. That the circus is a good subject for writers of books, whether fact or fiction, is perfectly well recognized. Jim Tully's "Circus Parade" is one of the best of these books; many readers would not qualify that statement at all. Its type was long ago described by some polished critic, like Andrew Lang, as "good although strong." I suspect that Mr. Tully and his more unrestrained admirers would feel some contempt for critics from Oxford like Andrew Lang,

Books Mentioned in this Article

Circus Parade. By *Jim Tully*. Albert & Charles Boni, New York. $2.50.

But—Is It Art? By Percy Hammond. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $2.50.

Up the Years from Bloomsbury. By George Arliss. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

"Are You Decent?" By Wallace Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

but I cannot help thinking that "Circus Parade" would have been a better book if the rough stuff were not inserted in such lumps. The stories at their best are very, very good. Take "The Strong Woman"—the pitiful tragedy of one of the circus performers billed as "The Female Hercules." She weighed four hundred pounds and could wring the neck of the average man with ease. Her heart, however, was a mush of sentimentality and an easy prey for the rascal who swindled her out of her earnings by pretending that he was going to marry her. It is trite praise, but I hardly see how Maupassant could have improved this story; indeed, it recalls, in some way, his "Boule de Suif." In other stories Mr. Tully heaps on the brutality. "A Negro Girl" and "The Last Day" are powerful yarns; by over-emphasis the author failed to convince me that they are true as fact or as art.

Even at this late day, I should like to agree with the Committee for the Suppression of Irresponsible Censorship (although I am glad I do not have to make out checks to it) in its protest at the suppression of "Circus Parade" in Boston. Not that my heart aches for Mr. Tully, who knew well the risk he was taking when he wrote certain passages, and who has profited financially by the local suppression. But I am sorry for Boston with its sweeping literary censorship exercised by policemen.

The title of Mr. Smith's "Are You Decent?" is taken from the traditional formality of the world back-stage. It is the inquiry of the visitor who asks if the one inside is sufficiently clad to receive a caller. The stories are about life in Mrs. Fisher's boarding-house, which is "strictly for the profession." Many readers will instantly recall some earlier books (I said earlier, not better, Brutus) on this hilarious subject. They are "At the Actors' Boarding House" and "The Maison de Shine," by Helen Green. Mrs. Fisher's house was one in which the knife and ax thrower might be conversing on serious topics in the parlor with the decayed actor who was faithful to the traditions of Irving and Barrett, while from below in the cellar came the fishy barks of Sawtelle's trained seals. There can hardly be anything better than the story of "The Snake's Wife"—of course, you know that a Snake is a human contortionist. In this tale the great actor, Eric Doberman, returns from his triumphs in London as Hamlet to visit his old friends of simpler days. As he is described as a member of a famous family of actors, many readers will insist on identifying him with the latest American to play Hamlet in London. To the boarders at Mrs. Fisher's, however, he is still "Wormy" Doberman, as in the old days, and they explain his desertion of the variety stage by the fact that they supposed somebody had to be playing this "here Shakespeare."

The great tragedian makes an attempt to dance a shuffle to see if he has improved at all, while the expert, Eddie Dean, looks on and criticises.

"How am I, Eddie?" asked Doberman.

"You're lousy," said the real hoofer.

"If I wasn't," said Wormy, ruefully, "I wouldn't be playing Shakespeare."

Mr. Percy Hammond's "But—Is It Art?" is a collection of brief essays about the stage by the dramatic critic of the New York "Herald Tribune." Mr. Hammond cannot write a dull line and his sense of humor is nearly perfect. I would not miss reading what he has to say about a new play, and I would not think of following his advice without seeing what some of the more hopeful observers have thought of the show. If I followed Mr. Hammond slavishly, I should never go to the theatre at all, for he is profoundly depressed and cynical about the stage. His hatred of the whole business of the playhouse is as remarkable as the good nature and humor which never fails in his writing.

At last we come to the legitimate actor in Mr. Arliss's autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloomsbury." Looking at its chapters brings up the pleasant recollection that I have seen Mr. Arliss in "Old English," "The Green Goddess," "Poldikin," "Alexander Hamilton," "Disraeli," as well as some of his rôles when he was with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" and "Rosmersholm." I missed him as the War Minister in "The Darling of the Gods," as "The Devil," and

(Continued on page 221)

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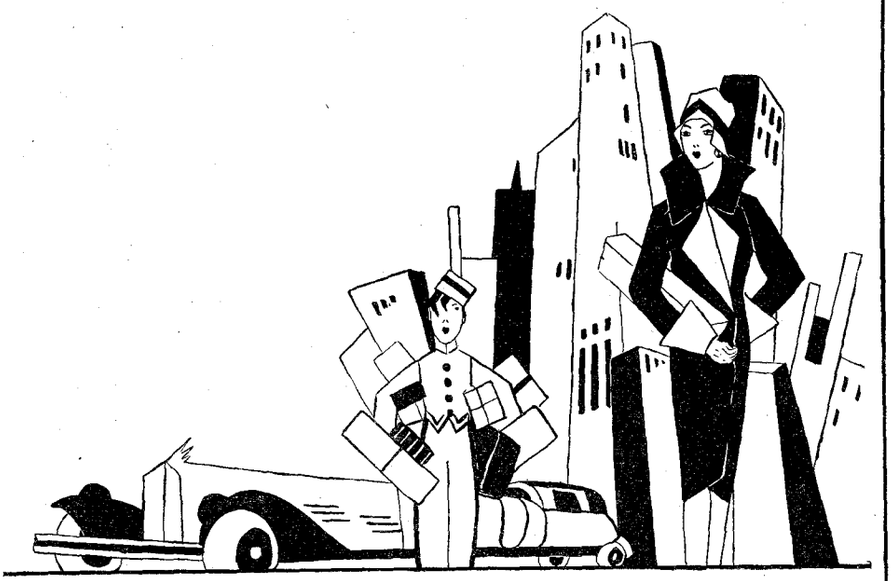

Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks

Notes on the Newest Contributions of American Genius and Inventiveness to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things. In a very real sense, the window displays of Fifth Avenue and Main Street reflect the life of the American people. They are as much "news" as the columns of the daily paper. Here are things we are all interested in, that we are all talking about—that we buy, eventually, because they fill an interest, a need in us. Certainly they are as much a part of our lives as the baseball scores, the political situation, the latest hold-up.

Our advertising pages present some of these things; but necessarily, since an advertisement is an appeal to buy, it represents the seller's point of view. These notes will represent the buyer's. And they will not confine themselves to articles advertised in these columns. Herein the man Emerson mentions—who built a better mousetrap than any one else—will find his trap described, whether he advertises with us or not. Herein will be a record of America's progress toward beauty and utility. Herein will be found the first mention of many things afterward widely known, used, and discussed. It will begin in an early issue.

A Daily Reminder

AMERICA and France have their eternal flames which by their clear light keep alive the memory of the sacrifice of the war dead. It is less commonly known that in England a daily ceremony similarly pays tribute to sacrificed manhood.

Every morning at eleven o'clock a solemn ceremony is performed in Canterbury Cathedral. A selected recruit from a depot of the Buffs, East Kent Regiment, at Canterbury, goes to the Warrior's Chapel in the Cathedral, where rests the "Book of Life." This book contains the names of the men of the regiment who lost their lives in the war, and the young soldier reverently turns over a fresh page each day.

Referring to the "Book of Life" at a special memorial service in the Cathedral, the Dean of Canterbury said recently: "It is a very beautiful and a deeply cherished possession, and we in the Cathedral welcome with all our hearts this daily turning over of a fresh page in that 'Book of Life' by a picked recruit from the Buffs' Depot."

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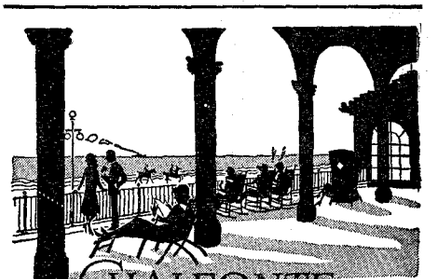

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Departure

THE literary department of The Outlook begins in the next number to follow a new plan. There are numerous admirable reviews in this country devoted largely to the criticism of new and forthcoming books. There are half as many reviewers as books, twice as many reviewers as writers. Too many of us who cannot write books write critically about them. People who do not read many books are already sufficiently encouraged to read these criticisms.

We do not propose to enter the field of the critical review. We do not aspire to act as cultural mentor, to patronize and lead, to hound the fatigued into intellectual exercise or bully the simple into sophistication.

In this new literary page we expect to discuss only the most interesting of those books which people everywhere are buying and reading; allowing our own prejudices only their inevitable leeway. With the co-operation of our leading book-stores from Boston to San Francisco, we shall publish weekly lists of the best-selling books—whether light fiction, biography, or novels—and comment upon those books, not from the critic's point of view, but from the ordinary reader's.

With the aid of these lists we hope to investigate the taste of the reading public and the ways in which writers are meeting that taste. We shall try to present an intelligent guide to the books which people are reading and talking about. In addition, we shall indicate sufficiently the character of these books as a help to you in making your own selection. Where books contain ideas worth discussing at length we shall continue to print articles about them by writers competent to discuss the subject. But, above all, we shall assume that all the books which are bought are read, and read with pleasure.

Every one who has talked about books around a fire has been disheartened to find that he and his friend cannot agree as to what makes a book worth reading. We believe that any book is worth reading which gives pleasure to the reader. Pleasure lies in the satisfaction of tastes, and is unarguable; taste in reading, taste in drinking, taste in salvation. And pleasures are as varied as the days are long.

You may read for recreation at one time, and for mental exercise at another, and you are in both cases reading for pleasure. And you may choose Sherwood Anderson for the first and "Social Italy in the Thirteenth Century" for the second, and I may reverse the order to get the same result. We shall not quarrel with your choice. We shall simply make research into it, and help you to such books as may satisfy it. You read for delight, and so you should. Any book which gives you an interval of escape from loneliness; which solves a riddle to suit you, or provides a new one to engage; which offers in tears or laughter, in limbering gymnastics for the mind, or in the placid charm of ambling words one hour's oblivion, one instant's exaltation, is a book needing no critical Amen to make it worth your while to read.

Our aim will be simply to report to you and discuss with you the books which are affording this pleasure to the majority of people. The fine upstanding young man who studies the five-foot shelf and thereby gets culture and a job, and his wife, who learns from ten minutes' daily reading how to hold the French buyer spellbound with her discourse on Baudelaire, are not the reading public. Neither are the teachers nor the book reviewers. The real question of books is between their writers and their readers. It is to these that we address ourselves.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Book Table

Fiction

THE BARBARY WITCH. By Anthony Richardson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

There is nothing of witchcraft in Mr. Richardson's rather deceptively named novel, "The Barbary Witch," but there is the full-length portrait, thoroughly studied and strikingly drawn, of a terrible woman who bears that nickname, ruthless, cunning, and more wicked than any witch, and sacrificing to her own requirements every one brought within reach of her devastating selfishness and malevolence. Her chief victim, her devoted daughter, is allowed a last-minute escape to happiness, fortunately for the reader's peace of mind, just before the story sweeps on with gathering intensity to the grim surprise of its fitly tragic ending.

MORE THAN WIFE. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

"More Than Wife" is first and foremost an enjoyable novel about very human and believable people, most of whom are agreeable and none of whom are dull. It is based upon the problem of Richard Branch, engineer, and Silvia Hawthorne, architect, his wife, in so adjusting their married life as to allow free and fair opportunity to the personalities and careers of both without sacrificing the natural claims or natural self-respect of either. Neither husband nor wife is selfish, and they love each other deeply, but it takes time, patience, and experiment to find the right way. Though their problem is seriously and intelligently considered and with some general implications from the special case, it is never allowed to swamp the characters of Richard and Silvia themselves, who hold the reader's continuous interest as a rather unusually charming pair of young married people.

THE DEEP END. By Patrick Miller. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Very modern, very studied, very psychological, and a novel to make one elevate simplicity, by contrast, to the rank of the major virtues. The emotionally and intellectually bedeviled hero, egoistic, introspective, and inept in han-

Books Reviewed in this Issue

The Barbary Witch. By Anthony Richardson.

More Than Wife. By Margaret Widdemer.

The Deep End. By Patrick Miller.

Growth. By Booth Tarkington.

The Aristocratic Miss Brewster. By Joseph Lincoln.

Her Closed Hands. By Putnam Weale.

From Bismarck to the World War. A History of German Foreign Policy, 1870–1914. By Erich Brandenburg.

Morrow's Word-Finder. A Living Guide to Modern Usage, Spelling, Synonyms, Pronunciation, Grammar, Word Origins, and Authorship, all in One Alphabetical Order. By Paul D. Hugon.

Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting. By Clive Bell.

Thomas Love Peacock. By J. B. Priestly.

Was Jesus Influenced by Buddhism? A Comparative Study of the Lives and Thoughts of Gautama and Jesus. By Dwight Goddard.

What Tree Is That? By E. G. Cheyney.

Problems in Shakspere's Penmanship., Including a Study of the Poet's Will. By Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M.D.

The Psychology of Murder. By Andreas Bjerre, Doctor of Laws.

Deric with the Indians. By Deric Nusbaum.

Human Waste in Education. By Anna Yeomans Reed, Ph.D.

Everyday Electricity. By Joseph R. Lunt.

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dling the problems of life, is neither incredible nor wholly convincing; but, for that matter, one would rather prefer not to believe in him than be obliged to. Doubtless some readers will enjoy his miseries, perplexities, and complexities, but there are likely to be others in whom they will merely arouse impatient distaste.

GROWTH. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

In "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Turmoil" Mr. Tarkington presented phases of the development of a Mid-West city humanly and socially as well as industrially, a place which grew until every man cried, "Give me of thyself, O Bigness!" Now, under the title "Growth," these two novels appear together with a third story, "National Avenue" (originally "The Midlander"). To quote again from his foreword, the change from the "pleasant big town of neighborly people" has been toward "the god of all American hearts—Bigness." Yet the stories themselves show that even in the "heaving, grimy city" there are kindliness, humor, and even aspiration. The volume beyond doubt contains the author's strongest, if not most amusing, literary work.

THE ARISTOCRATIC MISS BREWSTER. By Joseph Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Not even Mr. Lincoln can write thirty novels about Cape Cod life and people and have them all equally entertaining. Frankly, the serious talk here seems padded. Whether Miss Brewster shall take and shall keep a bookkeeper job is discussed as long and as solemnly as if the question were before the League of Nations. But the non-aristocratic people in the book give us racy, smart, amusing talk as of yore.

HER CLOSED HANDS. By Putnam Weale. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Wang starts as an errand boy and becomes an officer in the Chinese Revolution. He is humorous in his Chinese way, and resourceful to boot. Wang gives color and life to this tale of China as it is today. Mr. Weale is an expert in many aspects of China—historical, economic, social, and ceremonial. His knowledge has aided him in making a swift-moving tale.

History

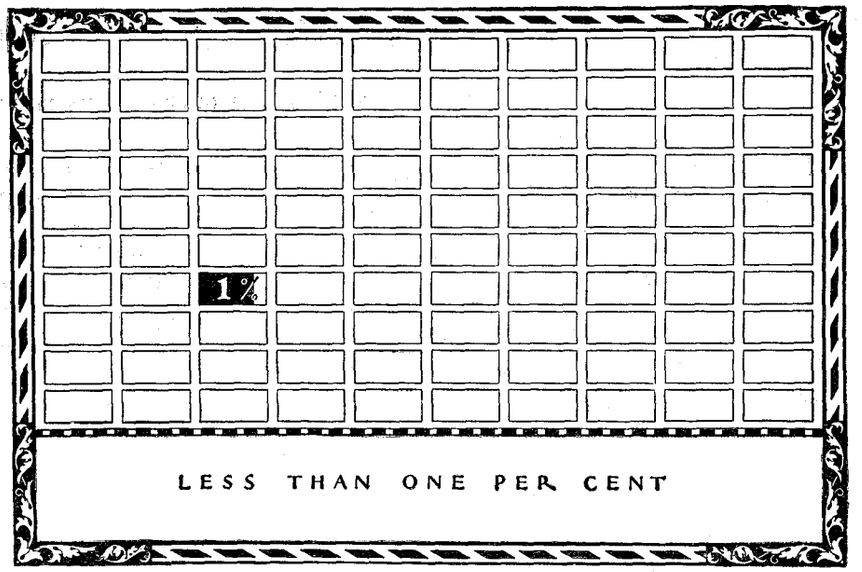
FROM BISMARCK TO THE WORLD WAR. A History of German Foreign Policy, 1870–1914. By Erich Brandenburg, Professor of Modern History in the University of Leipzig. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. The Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. $7.

A temperate and in many respects a reasonable statement (530 pages) of the German's position on their own foreign policy and the causes of the Great War. Professor Brandenburg is far from the attitude of the fiery Prussian Junker, and he is still far from understanding the attitude of most of the rest of the world. He admits that the Germans do not understand the psychology of other nations, and he illustrates this when he blames the German statesmen, not for invading Belgium, but for neglecting to prepare public opinion and finding a plausible excuse for doing it. Like his faithful followers in this country—Professor Barnes, for one—he has selected the two guilty men who above all others "stand convicted" for having precipitated the war, and they are, of course, Poincaré and Iswolski.

Language

MORROW'S WORD-FINDER. A Living Guide to Modern Usage, Spelling, Synonyms, Pronunciation, Grammar, Word Origins, and Authorship, all in One Alphabetical Order. By Paul D. Hugon. William Morrow & Co., New York. $4.

It may be used as a brief dictionary in the usual sense. It is also a dictionary of synonyms; it answers many questions about grammar and pronunciation, about punctuation, and other points which a writer of letters or of books may



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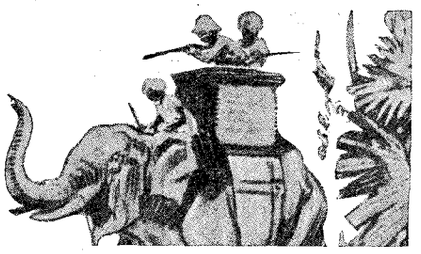

The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

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wish to ask. It aims to help those who cannot spell difficult words, and hence are sometimes helpless to look up such words in the ordinary dictionary. "Reredos," for example, may be found under "church." No dictionary is large enough to answer every question, but this is a useful book, with some novel and interesting information. It points out, for instance, in the long article about "Names," that certain boys' names are peculiar to the United States, and foreign to the British ear. These are: Elmer, Royal, Asa, Ira, Everett, Curtis, Otis, Leland, Orville, Warren, Hiram, Lee, Chester, Jefferson, Homer, Franklin, Milton, "Junior," and Wilbur. (Both the Wright brothers, it seems, score on this.)

⚜

Art

LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING. By Clive Bell. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

Essays on painters from Ingres to Degas. The book is chiefly concerned with the French painters, although a few Englishmen, Turner and Burne-Jones, are discussed. Illustrated by about twenty examples of the work of these artists. Mr. Bell writes with vigor and frequently with indignation.

⚜

Biography

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By J. B. Priestly. (English Men of Letters, New Series.) The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The life of a strange and not widely known figure in English literature. Peacock was remarkable for his associations with other writers. "Shelley admired him in his youth, and Meredith admired him in his old age." Peacock's novels, like "Gryll Grange" and "The Misfortunes of Elphin," are little read to-day. Of his poetry, the best known of his verses are in the rousing "War Song of Dinas Vawr." Hundreds who do not know the name of the author or of the poem have quoted the lines:

> The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter;
> We therefore deemed it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

⚜

Religion

WAS JESUS INFLUENCED BY BUDDHISM? A Comparative Study of the Lives and Thoughts of Gautama and Jesus. By Dwight Goddard. Privately printed at Thetford, Vt.

"This book," says the author in a foot-note, "will be sent as a gift to any one who wants it." Born 463 years before Christ, the doctrines of Gautama had ample time to circulate and penetrate the remotest borders of the known world ahead of Paul. That they could and did need not be disbelieved to uphold the originality of the tenets of Christianity. There is more of surmise than proof in Mr. Goddard's monograph. Nevertheless it is most interesting and will invite the attention of the scholar and theological student.

⚜

Botany

WHAT TREE IS THAT? By E. G. Cheyney. Illustrations by G. D. George. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

"For those who know no botany and yet would know the trees." Drawings of the leaf and fruit, with brief descriptions of the tree. Simple and non-technical.

⚜

Essays and Criticism

PROBLEMS IN SHAKSPERE'S PENMANSHIP, INCLUDING A STUDY OF THE POET'S WILL. By Samuel A. Tannenbaum, M.D. Published for the Modern Language Association of America. The Century Company, New York. $4.

A minute study of the genuine, the disputed, and the spurious signatures of Shakespeare. The object is to gain a knowledge of his writing habits, to discover a standard for testing the authenticity of writings said to be by him, to test the claims of the Baconians that his handwriting was that of an illiterate man, and to learn something of the script of other Elizabethan writers.

⚜

Philosophy

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER. By Andreas Bjerre, Doctor of Laws. Translated from the Swedish by E. Classen. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

In this learned work a Swedish criminologist and professor of law, now deceased, reports on three studies in criminal psychology. These are painstaking investigations into the lives, motives, actions, and mental processes of three murderers undergoing imprisonment.

⚜

Children's Books

DERIC WITH THE INDIANS. By Deric Nusbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

A boy's book written by a boy. It tells of what he saw and heard of Indian life in New Mexico and Arizona. He hunted with them, sat at their campfires, heard them tell their legends. The narrative proves the publishers' statement that Deric knows them better than any other white boy.

⚜

Miscellaneous

HUMAN WASTE IN EDUCATION. By Anna Yeomans Reed, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

By the Professor of Personnel Administration in New York University.

⚜

EVERYDAY ELECTRICITY. By Joseph R. Lunt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A book to explain the first principles of electricity and its applications.

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South Africa

Positively Her First Appearance

(*Continued from page 210*)

land in bright blue and pink shirts and skirts; the wide horizons of elemental mountains, bluffs, and sand; the sense of freedom and force in air and sun and sky; with such beauty of color and line in the cliffs, of quality in the air and light. . . . A woman in the opposite section broke into my sentimental reverie, evidently under the impression that she was echoing my own feelings, "Seems kinder lonesome without any machines about, don't it?"

"Kinder lonesome" is not likely to be the complaint of any visiting stranger, however unimportant, in America. We may laugh at the ubiquitous hospitality which meets us, like that lady lecturer who, when asked her fee, used to reply, "Fifty dollars; but if I'm entertained it's a hundred;" but, though we may laugh, it is only the satisfactory, understanding laughter between friends. We all have moods when the continual meeting of strangers is a maddening irritation, but strangers become friends with astonishing rapidity in the United States, and I know of no more heart-warming experience than to set out disheartened and friendless in that country, and to discover for one's self how true is the character which all strangers give it when they have once been there—that it is, above all other lands, the land of opportunity and of kindliness.

Vodvil and Legit

(*Continued from page 216*)

in one or two others, such as "Leah Kleschna." These are sins of omission which I now bitterly regret. As the polished villain, or sinister Oriental, Mr. Arliss has not been surpassed in our time; that he did not have to confine himself to villains was proved by his performance of Disraeli.

His autobiography is modest, humorous, and on every page generous to contemporaries, managers, authors, and company. The alleged conceit of actors is explained by the fact that their art perishes with them; they model in snow. They are jealous of their reputations, since, unlike the painter and author, they leave nothing but their reputations behind them. There is, however, no egotism in Mr. Arliss's book, and for pleasantly humorous descriptions let me recommend his pages about Mr. Belasco and his own adventures in acting for the movies.

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Have It Your Own Way

Nearly Unanimous

In response to our article of September 28, "Shall We Scrap Our Calendar?" the vote of our readers so far is overwhelmingly in favor of a change in the calendar year from twelve to thirteen months.

Of the many letters that have come in on this subject, only three are opposed to the change. Of these three, one is opposed to change in general, mainly on historical ground; the other two are based on the belief that a change would interfere with quarterly and semi-annual calculations. This we believe is misapprehended. Quarterly periods would not coincide with even numbers of months, but they would with even numbers of weeks. Besides, quarterly calculations form a very small fraction of total calculations, which are mainly by weeks and months.

Let us quote from some letters:

From One of America's Great Railway Executives

The proposed international calendar, I feel, would be helpful to business in *many* ways. All months would be of equal length and would be comparable without adjustment; each month would have exactly four weeks and the month-end would coincide with the week-end; each month would have the same number of Sundays and the same number of week days, and therefore the same number of pay days; holidays and other permanent monthly dates would always recur on the same week day; reckoning of lapse of time for interest calculation and other purposes would be greatly simplified; and, as the calendar would be fixed and perpetual, the day of the week would always indicate the monthly date and *vice versa*. There would, of course, be thirteen monthly closings, reports, and statements of account instead of twelve, but, as there would be thirteen monthly settlements instead of twelve, money turnover would be more rapid, and thus the same volume of business could be handled with less working capital.

L. F. Loree,
President of the Delaware and Hudson Company.
New York, New York.

The Household Budget

I vote "yes" to "scrap our calendar."

I budget on a *weekly* basis from a *monthly* salary. I have to set aside funds for a recurring *fifth* week. It certainly is a preposterous way to have to work.

(Mrs.) E. A. Whitney.
Washington, D. C.

How About Rents?

Your article on scrapping the calendar is to me very clear and convincing. All that is needed is a Julius or Augustus Cæsar, or perhaps a Mussolini?

When I outlined the proposed change to my neighbor, the corner grocer, he replied: "Ah, that's gotten up by the real estate men, so they can collect thirteen months' rent instead of twelve!"

Trenton, New Jersey. M. W. G.

Change in monthly rents is fully provided for in the Cotsworth International Fixed Calendar. There has been a regular table provided which converts at a glance the present twelve into future thirteen monthly payments. Thus a person paying $100 a month rent will find under the column $100 that he would pay $92.31 for each of thirteen months. If he pays $123 a month, he will find at a glance that he pays under the new arrangement $113.54. The grocer has another guess coming.

Not on the Fence, Anyway

How, in the name of common sense, can you publish such rot as appears in your worthy weekly, entitled "Mexico Turns the Corner," by one Frank B. Lenz, who interviewed Moises Saenz, Mexican Minister of Education?

Do you not see that it is more propaganda from the Mexican Government? Did Mr. Lenz go to Mexico and investigate the statements given out by Mr. Saenz to him? I doubt it.

Did you read Isaac Marcosson's articles in the "Saturday Evening Post"? They give the true picture.

How ridiculous for Lenz to say that "courageous men—men of character and determination—are at the helm"! True (in a measure), men of bad character with the firm determination to exploit their country until the "Colossus of the North" applies the Nicaragua medicine.

Moises Saenz is a good man, but he is not one, two, or three as a Cabinet officer. The power lies between Calles and Morones.

Roads in Mexico! Where are they? Schools! Open, but without teachers, because the Mexican Government won't, or don't, pay salaries promptly. Many times the teachers must wait three to six months for their salaries.

Don't be fooled by Mexican propaganda. If you side with, or aid Calles through your pages, permit me to say that *you are on the wrong side of the fence.*

I know, as I have lived in Mexico for years. Thomas McVitt.
Los Angeles, California.

Ambiguity

Mr. Lenz seems to have written several involved sentences, or else the linotype operator is to blame, in "Mexico Turns the Corner." "The Mexican labor movement is not like the leaders of the labor movement in America that the Communists of Russia will have nothing to do with them."

What is he comparing—the leaders of the two movements, Mexican and American, or the Mexican movement and the American *leaders?*

Which of the two labor movements, Mexican or American, does he desire to show is more antagonistic to the Communist? I cannot guess. It is not like The Outlook's writers to be so ambiguous.

If he had said *so* like, that the Bolshies would have nothing to do with them, one could believe he meant to show by the following remarks that the Mex were less likely to go Bolshi than the Yanks. Candidly, I do not know what Mr. Lenz means to say. J. F. Harrington.
Yountville, California.

A Reader Takes Issue with the Interstate Commerce Commission

May I make a few remarks concerning the article in your issue of October 5, 1927, by H. K. Fraser on "One Man Beats 150"?

First, the spirit in which the article is written seems to be contrary to that usually found in Outlook articles—that is, it tends to make light of the recognized and fundamental methods of men and commerce and redounds upon a lone lawyer. "They were all out of step but Jim."

The style of the author, of whom I found no mention made, is that of an impressionable and young journalist with a view to only the dramatic and with little thought to the basic factors of life.

Second, the argument reported to be presented by Mr. Richberg, that the property-owners have less rights than the users of or employees of a railroad, is not consistent with custom. Are there to be no property rights? If the railroads were supported by public taxes and owned by the State, leaving out entirely the stockholder, the argument could be considered. In placing the public at large first Mr. Richberg makes it appear that the railroads get their revenues from the public without the rendering of any service.

Take, for instance, a highway system; it is built by the State out of public money, and is used by the public without any specific charge for service, and any revenue accruing, such as vehicular tax, goes to the body which made the original expenditure.

In the case of railroads, the stockholders supply the funds for construction; the public makes use of the service for which it pays. So, wherefore the argument that the owner should not be considered?

Third, how is the plan of "original cost" logical? Present conditions are the ones to be considered—not any average of one hundred years ago and the present. Who could expect service paid for on the basis of such a wage rate? A railroad wage of $600 a year of one hundred years ago averaged with a rate of $2,400 at the present would be $1,500. What price service?

Fourth, I noticed no editorial comment in this issue of The Outlook. Where do you stand? B. B. Watson.
Altoona, Pennsylvania.

The Outlook Nods

In your issue of September 21, 1927, at page 68, there is this statement: "The Charter of the Federal Reserve Bank System expires in 1934."

We are told that even Homer himself occasionally nodded. By an inspection of the Act of Congress of February 25, 1927, Section 321, you will find that a Federal Reserve Bank is:

". . . to have succession after the approval of this Act until dissolved by Act of Congress or until forfeiture of franchise by violation of law."

Edwin A. Krauthoff.
Kansas City, Missouri.

Children and Politicians in Denver

Referring to the article, "Our Children and the Politicians," by William McAndrew, in your issue of September 28, I would state that the reference to Denver as a city which had lost its school managers with no reason given by the Board is contrary to the facts unless Mr. McAndrew desires to go back into very ancient history.

During the last ten years Denver has lost two school managers who held the title of Superintendent. One of these, Mr. Carlos M. Cole, died in June, 1920, after more than three years' service. His successor, Jesse H. Newlon, resigned in April, 1927, to be effective September 1, 1927, at his request, because he desired to accept a position in the Teachers College, Columbia University. He is now to be found at that address and can supply any details you may desire.

The Denver School Board for ten years past has been exceptionally free from what is called "politics" in the usual sense of the word, regardless of Mr. McAndrew's definitions thereof, and therefore we greatly regret that any suggestion to the contrary should appear in a publication with the high standing of The Outlook.

Denver, Colorado. Frank M. Taylor.

P. S.—Having been a member of the Denver Board of Education for a bit over ten years past, I am speaking with full knowledge of the situation.

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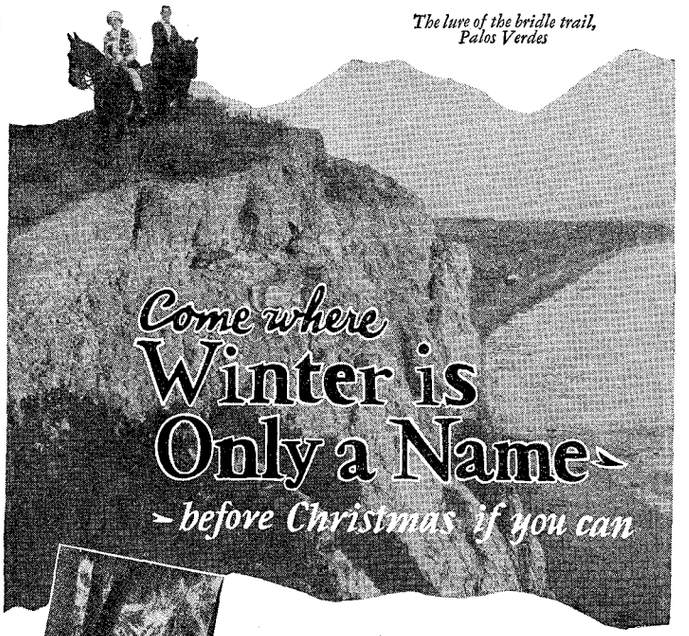
The lure of the bridle trail, Palos Verdes



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For Sale Carved, heavy old Samoan war club, pronounced by American Museum of Natural History good specimen not easily secured. $50. 8,661, Outlook.

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HELP WANTED

COLLEGE woman wanted as companion. The services as a companion of a college woman of social position are sought by woman of means and culture. Please communicate complete information as to personal history and qualifications, addressing 8,107, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work; quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AL-5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

MATURE or elderly woman (Protestant) of unassuming culture, preferably with college education and with son (or grandson) 16 or under, is wanted to take charge of an attractive house in Connecticut college town and make home for bright, well behaved boy of 14. Liberal terms can be arranged if the right person can be found (woman without son cannot be considered). In replying, kindly give extent of education, age, and other relevant particulars. 8,105, Outlook.

SALESMEN—district managers—oodles of money placing our Electric Multicolor flashing cigar lighter. Classiest device conceived. Lighters given free to stores. The beautiful Flash-On-Ads in colors nets you $135 profit on each machine. You can place several weekly. Splendid territorial proposition. A real money-maker. No capital required. Harlo Manufacturing Co., 3124 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WORKING housekeeper for two adults. Six-room apartment in New Haven. Write to Mrs. H. C. Geyer, 484 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE woman, professional experience with children, housekeeper-dietitian, experienced, desires position in motherless home. References exchanged. 8,102, Outlook.

COMPANION and housekeeper for elderly or business people, November to April. Educated American Protestant, good health, good family, forty-six years. Owner summer tea room. Would enjoy getting meals, etc. Pleasant environment preferable to high salary. References exchanged. C. C., East Dorset, Vt.

COMPANION or COURIER. University man, traveled extensively, as companion to California, West Indies, anywhere, or would act as courier abroad. 8,108, Outlook.

ENGLISH—London graduate nurse, free October 20, desires chronic case—permanent. Very experienced. Excellent references. Salary $55 a week. 8,104, Outlook.

ENGLISH middle-aged lady of culture, experience, good traveler, desires position as manager of gentleman's house or chaperon to young girl. Highest references. 8,096, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

GOVERNESS desires position of responsibility and trust in cultured family. Kindergarten and primary grades, fifteen years' experience in care and training of children, Protestant. Experienced traveler. Highest credentials. 8,098, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, New England woman of long experience. Good caterer, cheerful. Excellent references. 8,101, Outlook.

POSITION in field religious education. Young woman, normal school graduate, special training in large university, teaching experience. 8,099, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse wishes position with invalid lady. Experienced. Good city references. 8,100, Outlook.

READER by the hour to invalid, or to person with defective eyesight. City only. 8,088, Outlook.

TEACHER piano, violin. Experienced, graduate New England Conservatory. 7,982, Outlook.

TWO sisters (Protestants), forty years of age, residents of New York State, going South, would consider assuming entire care of one or two girls. One sister is a registered nurse, the other college graduate, an experienced teacher and tutor for Regents' examinations. References exchanged. 8,103, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

INTERESTING CAREER for bright men and women in advertising, sales-planning and business writing. Am now instructing a good-sized group by mail. Textbooks of college standard used. Only properly qualified subscribers accepted. If ambitious for business success, write for prospectus. No rainbows or princely salaries promised, but I have helped hundreds to qualify for highly responsible work. 25 years' business writing and educational experience. S. Roland Hall, advertising counselor and agent, Box 621, Easton, Pa.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

By the Way

JOHN COTTON DANA, librarian of the Newark Public Library, has just issued a little booklet called "Surprising Statements," including this one from an address by Henry B. Thayer at Dartmouth College:

"It is easy to fool yourself. It is more difficult to fool the people you work for. It is still more difficult to fool the people you work with, and it is almost impossible to fool the people who work under your direction."

One of the hardest things to stand, says the "Christian Endeavor World," is to be insulted with the truth.

Bystander: "What's that guy puttin' on overalls for?"

Cop: "Oh, nothin' special; he's just changin' attire!"

WE learn from the United States Department of Labor reports that the average clothing bill for husbands is $71.38 per year, while their wives only spend an average of $63.55. Are none of our time-honored beliefs to be held sacred?

What the average woman wants, says the Little Rock (Arkansas) "Gazette," "is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapped around her finger."

The carelessness of a printer in making galley-proof corrections led to this amusing appearance of an advertisement in the Boulder (Colorado) "Daily Camera:"

"Found—Pair of tortoise-shell glasses on University campus Sunday. Owner may have same by describing Mrs. Lucile Neuswanger of Pueblo."

A subscriber thereupon wrote the "Camera" as follows:

"My guess is that Mrs. Lucile Neuswanger is a tall lady with bobbed hair, wears glasses, and fur-trimmed clothes, also silk stockings. If this description fits please send me the glasses."

"And your husband has a prosperous business, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he is taking in a lot of money. Only last night he told me a receiver was to be appointed to assist him."

A WALL STREET firm announces a patent cement block with holes for steel rods to fasten the blocks together. It is claimed that under this system only three days are needed to build a house. All of which reminds one of the Englishman who asked the American, "What building is that?" and the American answered: "I really don't know. It wasn't there this morning."

From the "Hardware Age:"

"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."

"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."

PHILIP SCHUYLER, writing in "Editor and Publisher," states that during the past five months the newspapers of the country have spent at least $500,000 to "cover" aviation stories. In other words, $100,000 a month, or more than $3,000 a day, have been spent to acquaint the public with flying news. Mr. Schuyler says that the New York "Times" accounts for nearly $200,000 of this expenditure and the Hearst organization for over $220,000. Lindbergh, according to this writer, received $100,000 for the news record of his achievement, including the stories written on the U. S. S. Memphis return trip.

When Alfred McGee, of Glenville, Alabama, died, he requested that his grave be on the roadside, and that the passing farmers call out in a loud voice the price of cotton for that day. This has been done for forty-five years.

THE prize example of hard luck we think is illustrated in the following episode: August Winkler was burned out in Wisconsin recently and started South to regain his fortune. On his way there his wife died. He started in business, and the Mississippi flood wiped him out. He went to Kansas, arriving at Rossville with his flivver and $165 in cash. He put the cash in the Rossville bank, and the bank failed the following day.

W. S. Gilbert once said of a certain man: "No one can have a higher opinion of X than I have—and I think he's a dirty little beast."

Father: "Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter."

Young man: "Yes; I wasn't going to say anything about it, but since you have mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back."

The Moran and Mack drollery, "Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it," is getting to be a National byword. The sensational record sales of their "Two Black Crows" dialogue has popularized that phrase with millions.

IF it takes six seconds for a clock to strike six o'clock, how long does it take it to strike eleven? Mr. Caffey in "Capper's Weekly" argues that it will take twelve seconds to strike eleven because, "if it takes the clock six seconds to strike six, and the period of time is divided into five periods of equal length, each one of these periods will be just one and one-fifth seconds long. In striking eleven the clock would require five more periods. Since one period is one and one-fifth seconds, ten periods would be twelve seconds."

Answer to last week's "Curious Trio:" "Cares—caress;" "princes—princess;" and "needless—needles."

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